TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Of civilized mankind the vast majority, no doubt, inwardly believe that the conventionalities with which we surround ourselves individually and collectively are really the deadliest foes to contentment and happiness. In a lifetime devoted entirely to conforming to what people expect one to do and avoiding things which public opinion insists we shall leave undone there is not the slightest doubt but that we wear a yoke which is frequently galling, and occasionally the chains become rankling fetters which sink their festering links deep into the flesh. Love makes service loyal and endurable and a slave may be reasonably happy if labor and the lack of liberty are lightened by the smile of appreciation of the task-master. But when one is a slave of public opinion there is no smile which lightens the load, no reward except of a negative sort, and nothing tells us that we have even succeeded in escaping censure except the fact that we have not been made to feel the lash. Thus it is that people serving this inexorable task-master go through life unassisted by hope of reward and, like the Congo slave, have no object in life except to escape punishment. Of course there are extremely conventional people whose very natures make it impossible for them to be anything else, and we can conceive that with them following the laws laid down by Mrs. Grundy is, if not a pleasure, not an irksome task. It is hard to estimate the relative size and importance of this section, but with instincts decidedly Bohemian and an acquaintanceship somewhat inclined to be unconventional, it seems to me that the naturally punctilious are in a very small minority.

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It would not so much matter to us as individuals, or to the world, if the constraints put upon us—by this I mean arbitrary restraints—were merely social, though these are often the most ridiculous. But mentally we are constrained to believe with the majority if they have any well-formulated belief, or to conform to the opinions of those who have a well organized or many-voiced opportunity of expression, for instance, the press and the pulpit. A man must be a giant if alone he can succeed in fighting what the newspapers imagine to be the accepted code, and, indeed, he must be willing to become a living sacrifice if he undertakes, either by precept or example, to begin a campaign even against the most senseless of the accepted theories of the greatest-good-for-the-greatest-number sort. By looking backwards we can see without great experience, or the promptings of a guide book, that the world has not yet found a settled basis upon which every one must stand or be considered a heretic. We have no reason to presume that the night through which we have just slept is the line of darkness through which the world has just passed to find the perfect institutions of to-day, and therefore we must admit the possibility of some of the so called heresies of to-day being adopted as the truths of to-morrow unless we have reached final perfection of understanding and application. That this is not the idea of the most enlightened and cultured people is proven by the fact that they are the most unconventional, most heretical. Yet it is in these brightest examples that the bondage of conventionality is most conspicuous, for after having thrown off the trammels in some respects, they parade themselves in the sight of the rest of us mortals with half of the harness still on, and that worn as if it were their dearest delight. Another feature which must discourage dreamers who believe that people might be permitted to follow their own instincts, ideas and understanding more fully, is the fact that each class and section of humanity adopt some sort of bondage which they seem to prefer to liberty. This is even true of degraded classes which cannot forget the fact that they were born to do as somebody else tells them, even to the extent of exceeding liberty by making license supreme. If then the worst classes are not content with license, but must observe some conventional system, if the highest do not disregard these things, and the intermediate classes are most bound by them, and the lowest cannot be without them, it must be true that, constituted as we are, conventionalities, inclusive of their absurdities, narrowing influences and oppressions, are absolutely necessary to us. Mentally and socially, at least, we have not outgrown a child-like inclination to seize upon the maternal finger of Mrs. Grundy, and to take refuge in her ample skirts. Very often such seeking for comfort and refuge is caused by cowardice and a desire for concealment, but while these two impulses are as strong in the human make-up as they are, there will have to be a Mrs. Grundy for those who are naturally and continually timorous to slide behind, and for the bravest and least sneaking of the community to occasionally utilize as a model of virtuous propriety. The only reform to be reasonably expected within the generation to which we belong, is that people will not continually be playing the part of a babied boy, who instead of playing ball with his companions, is hanging, whining, slobbering and afraid at the apron strings of his mother. The fact, however, is to be regretted that almost without exception the most adult and capable of the sons and daughters of this whirling earth still have to escape the maternal spanking by cuddling in the lap of this capricious old Dame Grundy, who is always the mother of Hypocrisy and the stepmother of Tyranny.

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Public opinion is a queer and immovable thing sometimes; again it is a perfect cyclone. Now we see it with its eyes tightly closed to the sins—the greedy, murderous, covetous and most heartless sins of men and communities; again the transgression of one uncertain man, or one weak woman, arouses a tempest of wrath only to be appeased by the shedding of blood or the lifelong torture of a victim. Look for instance, on the incident in Kansas this week when a mob strung up to a tree a man and his wife because they were suspected of having killed a child. The mob's fierce belief in the guilt of the prisoners seems to have been irresistible; so great, in fact, that the accused woman confessed to having committed the murder. One can scarcely imagine such a wave of public opinion that innocent suspects were themselves almost convinced of their guilt! The child was found alive and unharmed, and the mob possibly felt sorry, though the chances are that they all went home, hugging to their hearts the idea that it was hatred of

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY. *From the Lady's Pictorial.*

the crime rather than mere passionate impulse which had so nearly led them to murder two innocent people. A still more striking example of how impossible it is for people to run counter to established usages and the convictions of the multitude was furnished by the recent return of Father Butler to the church which had excommunicated him because while acting as assistant priest in St. Bridget's Catholic Church in Jersey City, and, in spite of his vow of celibacy, he married one Mary Theresa Brady, of the neighboring parish of St. Mary. It is announced that he will spend the remainder of his life in some monastic retreat where his days and nights will be filled with penances imposed upon him for the sin of doing what every other man feels like doing, and where his desire for companionship—woman's companionship—which is the next strongest of our impulses to that of self preservation, must be crucified every day and made more intense by the absence even of the face of his fellow man. Father Butler was a brilliant young priest and intensely popular in his parish, kind to the poor and showing a loving helpfulness to those such surroundings it is easy to see that love would not be apt to survive, and when that for which he had sacrificed everything had turned to ashes on his lips he wrote to his bishop and threw himself on the mercy of the church.

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There is an old, and in these later days a much discredited saying of "All for love and the world well lost," but I reckon if those who sacrifice all their world for love were to express their opinions, few if any of them would say that they had not made a foolish bargain. We may possibly get along without the approbation of the world we live in but we cannot be happy while enduring its perpetual frown nor survive if day after day is to be the history of a conflict with those who either for cause or intense prejudice despise us and look upon us as castaways.

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Referring to the phase of this question which deals with men of the highest culture and standing we find two very conspicuous examples who dare not revolt against well organized religious and public opinion, even when by their compliance with the conventionalities imposed upon them by those in authority they are made the objects of derision. Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, and John G. Shea of New York, (an eminent historian) particularly, and in a lesser degree Mayor Brownson of Detroit and a large number of other prominent gentlemen are preparing papers to be read at the Baltimore Congress of Roman Catholic laymen next November. They have been required to submit their manuscripts to a committee of bishops for examination and revision. The utter absurdity of having a convention of laymen in which nothing is to be said but that which pleases the bishop is obvious. Even the definition which has been given of a convention, "that it is a place where people meet to be told what they believe," is not broad enough to cover such a farce as the one to which I refer, for in political conventions the leading men of the various elements unite to lead the masses, while in this convention of laymen, managed by ecclesiastics, the laymen are simply told they have no right to believe in anything, nor to say anything, nor to be anything but the humble disciples of those whom one might fairly presume they had intended to criticize. The Baltimore *Mirror*, a leading Catholic organ, protests against this ecclesiastical censorship as a piece of gratuitous meddlesomeness, and remarks: "If the laymen are only to say what the bishops permit them to say they might as well, and better, stay at home." Of course we understand that the Church claims that everything comes under its authority but if the laymen accept this why in the name of wind pudding do they have a Congress?

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But if this sort of thing seems strange to us Protestants, similar inconsistencies amongst those of our own faith strike our Catholic neighbors as being quite as odd. Last Monday the Baptist clergymen of Chicago held their regular meeting, and Rev. Mr. Barbour of the Belden avenue Church created a sensation by reading a paper in which he denied the existence of a personal devil, and affirmed his belief that the Scripture passages referring to such a person are figurative and not literal. The paper caused a stampede, and the brethren rose up almost as one man in a storm of unfavorable criticism akin to denunciation. I cannot see why belief in a personal devil is necessary to the existence of the Baptist Church or any other church. If Christians believe in a devil "going about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," personally whispering in the ears of people and taking uninvited possession of them, they certainly should be at liberty to entertain the astounding dogma, but if some of them are unable to grasp the idea of a soot-covered gentleman, with cloven feet, horns and sulphurous breath, it does not seem to me it would impair their citizenship or detract from their belief in God. Indeed it seems natural to those who look at it from an unconventional standpoint, that if there were such a devil the Almighty would tie him up and keep him from leading people astray. We know now much excitement has been caused by the recent escape of three dangerous burglars from Toronto jail, and the efforts which have been made for their recapture; and it is not easy for the ordinary mind to grasp why something which is very promptly attended to in our earthly economy, should be neglected by Divinity when the person at large is seeking to do damage which is incomparably greater than burglary. We can understand, however, that if mankind were only capable of doing good we should cease to be men and should become angels, and that to be men we must have both good and bad impulses and opportunities which are always more or less at war with one another, and that thus every man is more or less his own devil. I think the doctrine of a personal devil is dangerous. It exalts the Evil Being to a position almost co-equal with God himself. In fact looking around the earth it strikes us sometimes as if the devil were the more influential of the two, if his success in directing the movements of mortals is to be accepted as a criterion. On the other hand, however, if our eyes are turned Godward we cannot fail to observe the beneficence of the Creator, and how many beautiful things and delightful experiences are offered us with no one to blame but ourselves if we reject them. I may be very heterodox on this point but I don't see what good any one would accomplish by convincing me of the existence of a monster upon whom I could lay the blame of my misdeeds. I think the personal devil idea is a half-brother to the fire and brimstone doctrine, a pagan, rather than a Christian conception of God and his plans, and I think the sooner they are both retired from the service of trying to scare people into heaven the better. If there is not good enough in the human heart to be attracted to God and goodness without the impulse of fear created by the preaching of these two hideous doctrines, there is not enough worth saving and evil will be its choice, anyway. And, again, there is not good enough in any mortal, nor strength enough, to resist the blandishments of the alleged personal devil were he to exert the whole of his traditional power in an attempt to lure one into crime. The devil indeed thought himself strong enough to tempt Christ, and it is historical that one of His greatest victories was in resisting the offer the Evil One made Him of "all the kingdoms of the world if He would fall down and worship him." A proposition of that kind would catch the majority of Christians in Toronto, even if the amount of real estate to be conveyed were much smaller. It may be alleged that we have been empowered by the great victory of our Mediator to resist such temptations by saying: "Get thee behind me, Satan" and it is suggested somewhere that he will let go his hold of us, but the pertinacity with which he is alleged to cling to those whom he proposes to ruin suggests to every mind, no matter whether it be changed by grace or not, that somehow we have never learned properly to say these words so as to cause his Satanic majesty to take flight. Verily, if I believed in a personal devil I would pray to be kept hidden lest he might take a fancy to me, yet the Baptist preachers of Chicago feel it necessary to believe in him. Probably if I lived in Chicago and saw as much wickedness as the Baptist brethren do I would be constrained to believe likewise. It is the only reasonable explanation of their faith.

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Speaking of the escape of those notorious criminals from Toronto jail suggests the miserable system we have of appointing political favorites or the sons of politicians to shrievalties and similar offices of trust. The sheriff's officer in charge of the prisoners was frequently warned to let no one have any communication with the desperadoes. The detectives and professional thief catchers knew what would be the result, but the warnings were of no avail, and friends of the criminals were apparently permitted to supply them with saws and tools which enabled them to escape. How different was the character of Detective Slemin, who jumped from the train in the darkness and pursued these well-known and murderous burglars, undaunted by fear of being killed, thoughtful of nothing but doing his duty! If men of that sort were sheriffs and deputy-sheriffs instead of the office being held by political favorites who draw large salaries and entrust the work to incompetent subordinates we should have fewer episodes of similar character to chronicle.

Very proper indignation is being manifested by the graduates of Toronto University that, when a professor's chair is vacant, the authorities look abroad for talent rather than canvass amongst their own men for the ability and culture requisite. If the younger Canadians are always to be sat upon in this way, and colleges, which are not the peers of our University, are to be selected as the training school for our professors, while our own University is to be held as a second-class preparatory school, we cannot expect to find the enthusiasm which must exist in a successful educational center. We are getting altogether too much politics in our University, and too little national and educational self-esteem. Moreover, it is not necessary to the well-being of our educational institutions that doctors of divinity be called in to decide who is fit to teach metaphysics.

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The report of Col. Gzowski and Mr. Shanly as to the Esplanade problem agrees in many respects with that made by Mr. Wellington for the Board of Trade. In some of the details I think the Gzowski-Shanly report is preferable to the other, though in spite of both, many people still cling to the arch-way idea, with warehouses underneath. The railroads having become familiarized with the project, will doubtless make suggestions and supplementary plans from which the city and Citizens' Association and those concerned in the solution of this important question can evolve a final and satisfactory scheme. It need not be feared by the citizens that the association bearing their name or the Board of Trade or the City Council are there because they are not noisy in this matter. The affair is, I believe, being properly conducted for a permanent and thoughtful solution as regards the Esplanade, but I very much regret to see that the Don improvements and the railway entrance along the bank of the channel have not been considered in connection with the other. The more I have looked into the matter within the last few weeks the more firmly convinced am I that the bridges and railway lines crossing and parallel to the channel will have to be arranged both as to location and elevation in conjunction with the work on the Esplanade. Otherwise the city will be the loser and the Don improvement will be rendered almost valueless.

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The cost of neglecting in Quebec what the engineers had decided necessary has not yet been computed either in dollars or the lives which have been sacrificed. The disaster was so overwhelming that it needs no comment, and the neglect which was the cause of it is such as scarcely deserves forgiveness. The scenes in connection with it have been so harrowing that those who are responsible must find their own punishment in viewing the catastrophe which in effect they have caused.

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Three score of our leading citizens have petitioned for the use of the Board of Trade council chamber with the idea of considering the advisability of organizing a company for the construction, in a central location, of a modern first-class, fire-proof hotel. They urge that, "The commercial importance of the city of Toronto seems to demand that we have in addition to our already comfortable hotels—a hotel of larger proportions and constructed upon the latest principles known to architectural science for the comfort and convenience of its guests." W. D. Matthews, president of the Board of Trade, has appointed Tuesday, October 1, eight o'clock p.m., as a convenient date and hour for the holding of the meeting and it is to be hoped that the project will meet with the approbation of business people and investors. DON.

Social and Personal.

The rumors to which I alluded last week, have taken definite form; the when and the where of the first dance of the season is no longer doubtful, and cards are out for the event. There are but few among Toronto hostesses who are as capable of presiding on so important an occasion as Mrs. Nordheimer, while there is hardly another house in the city that is more admirably adapted to a ball than Glenedyth, her fine residence on the Rosedale heights. The number of *debutantes* is said to be even larger this year than last. The night of Tuesday, October 1, will be memorable to many of them. If I am not mistaken, it is nearly five years since Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer gave their last ball. I remember the night well; it was bitterly cold, with the sleighing excellent, and the drive from town and home again, was not the least pleasant part of a very delightful evening. But when I begin to recall the names of those who were present, and to consider how few of the same people will be at Glenedyth next Tuesday, I am led to mourn that the life of a society belle in Toronto is, comparatively, so brief and butterfly-like. Perhaps I should rejoice that so few of the belles of 1885 are still with us, at least in a single state, for here is evidence that the matrimonial market of Toronto is a good one. Mrs. Nordheimer's cards name 8.30 as the hour, but I shall be surprised if her guests so far depart from their a most invariable rule as to put in an appearance much before ten.

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Miss Campbell left town again last week for Strathallan, but was expected to return to Government House at the end of this week.

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Mr. G. E. Drummond of Montreal, a former resident here, was in town last week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McNaught of Rosedale have returned to town after an absence of nearly two years. Mr. and Mrs. McNaught have spent most of their time in England and Scotland but have also traveled in France, Switzerland and Italy.

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Mr. Charles Bryant of London, England, was in town this week.

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The Messrs. Coleman of Wisconsin have been staying with friends on John street, and must have found Toronto as pleasant a place, socially, as have formerly so many of their countrymen.

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Mr. Reginald Thomas, the Parisian, was in town last week. Mr Thomas does not seem to be absorbed by the fascinations of his present place of abode, and frequently revisits his old haunts.

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Mr. and Mrs. Durant of Parkdale have returned to town. They came out by the White Star Line. The greater part of their time on the other side of the Atlantic was spent in Norway.

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Dr. Colin Campbell of Carbrooke, Queen's Park, has returned from New York and will spend some weeks in town. Dr. Campbell talks of leaving for England next month, in order to practice his profession in the Old Country.

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Mr. Rooke of Detroit, Mich., has been staying with relations in town. Mr. Rooke left on Saturday for Montreal.

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Mr. Pinhorn, a brother of Mrs. J. K. Kerr, has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Kerr at Rathnelly. Mr. Pinhorn has been ranching in the far west. If the faculty of sitting a horse to perfection goes towards a proper understanding of the right way to breed and sell the animal, Mr. Pinhorn should succeed, as many an assistant at former riding parties will testify.

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Mr. Napier Robinson of Belleville has been spending a few days at Sleepy Hollow. Mr. Robinson must be becoming reconciled to his present place of residence, for his visits to his native city are few and far between.

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Miss Carpmael, a niece of Prof. Carpmael of the Observatory, has come out from England to spend a winter with the latter gentleman. It is to be hoped that the lady may be enabled to direct the efforts of the learned "clerk of the weather" in the right way, and that, by her aid, "Old Probs." may deal gently with us in the coming winter.

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And, talking about winter, I hear that Mr. R. Fox, the honorary secretary of the Toronto Sleighing Club and the mainstay of that institution, leaves shortly for England for a stay of some months. I hope that it will be possible to find a substitute only half as efficient as this gentleman in his important official duties.

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Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gordon and the Misses Gordon have returned to town after a long journey to and from the western coast, and after a thorough exploration of British Columbia. A voyage to Alaska has also been included in the travels of this lady and gentleman.

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Professor Hutton of the Toronto University, and Mrs. Hutton, arrived this week from England *via* Montreal, and are once more in occupation of their house in the Queen's Park.

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Mr. Sedgewick of Harrow College, England, is in town.

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Mr. Symonds has left for Montreal, where he will reside for the future; thus will be missing a face long familiar in Toronto society.

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There has been of late a lack of those engagements in which society is especially interested. There was a great rush of them in the spring, but many desirable *partis* have yet to find their fate.

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The Metropolitan Church was well-filled Wednesday at noon, to witness the marriage of Mr. J. W. Fraser of the Bank of Toronto, to Miss Florence Maud Cook. The ceremony was performed by Rev. LeRoy Hooker, the bride being given away by her father. After the ceremony the guests, numbering about a hundred and fifty, repaired to the house of the bride's father, where the splendidly-appointed wedding breakfast awaited them. The house was decorated throughout with flowers; the drawing-room mantel was a bank of roses, and the vestibule entrance was draped with a flag—a relic which belonged to Mr. Cook's father, Capt. Cook, and festooned with maple, shamrock, rose and thistle.

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The bride's handsome toilette was white duchesse satin. The train and bodice were heavily brocaded in silver. Plain satin formed the petticoat, which was draped with point lace, caught with sprays of jasmine and orange buds. The veil was point lace of an exquisitely delicate pattern. The bride carried a fan, a present from an English friend, which was made to match the wedding-gown; the pearl sticks being inlaid with silver lilies and forget-me-nots. The bridesmaids' dresses were Directoire—cream Henrietta and duchesse satin, trimmed with yellow velvet. Their hats were tinsel, the garniture being yellow chrysanthemums; and they carried wands, tipped with bouquets of the same yellow flowers, and decorated with yellow ribbons. Mrs. Cook's toilette of heliotrope duchesse satin was made with court train of moire; the petticoat was of plain satin with panel of crystal steel and pearls, and the bodice matched the panel. A bonnet of white crepe de sole trimmed with shaded lilacs.

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Among the wedding presents are two pieces of exquisitely wrought needlework—a piano cloth and table cover. The material is peacock blue plush, the design being carried out in bullion and silk cord. It would be an almost endless task to name each of the presents. Among them I noticed a set of pearl-handled fruit knives from Miss May Cook, a solid brass piano lamp from one of the ushers, a silver service, one of Mr. Cook's presents, also a case of silver handled knives; a drawing-room lamp from Mr. and Mrs. Cosgrain of Montreal; hand-painted oyster set, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty; a handsome marble-topped table, Mr. and Mrs. McArthur; a large marble clock, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore of Quebec; a musical box, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke. There were many pieces of choice Doulton, Worcester and Old Derby, and a great deal of silver and fancy work. A check from the bride's uncle, and an English phaeton from Mr. and Mrs. Fraser of England, were two very useful and handsome presents.

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The Earl and Countess of Meath have been in the city this week. On Wednesday his lordship addressed a meeting of the Girls' Friendly Society which was held at Erlescourt, the beautiful residence of Major and Mrs. Foster.

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Miss Price, daughter of Judge Price, Kingston, has returned to the city to resume her vocal studies with Mr. Torrington.

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A fashionable wedding took place at St. Peter's Church, Cobourg, last Saturday, when Mr. Edmund Bristol, barrister of this city, was married to Miss Mary Dorothy Armour, third daughter of Chief Justice Armour. A large number of guests and friends were in attendance.

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His many friends will regret to hear that Mr. G. Mercer Adam is still suffering from the effect of the accident he received several months ago by spraining his knee. He is still unable to walk out.

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At the wedding of Mr. Fred C. Anderson of the Postoffice Department, Ottawa, in All Saints' Church on September 19, briefly noticed in this column last week, the bride wore an elegant dress of white satin and lace veil and orange blossoms. She was attended by her cousin Miss Kathleen Kerr, Miss Anderson, sister of the groom, and Miss Nita Douglass. These young ladies were attired in charming costumes of cream and pink china silk, with large tulle hats to match, and carried bouquets of pink roses. The groom was supported by his brother Mr. Ernest Anderson of the Dominion Bank, and the ushers were Mr. Grey, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Godden, and Mr. George Kerr of the Bank of Montreal, London. The bride was given away by her uncle Mr. W. H. C. Kerr. Among the guests were noticed: Mrs. Bate, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis of Peterboro', Mr. Barrow, M. P., of Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. Wood of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. C. Kerr, Miss Constance Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. George Kerr, the Misses Ida and Stella Kerr, Mrs. Albert Austin, Miss Adele Austin of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Capt. Douglass and Mrs. Milloy of Niagara, Mr. and Mrs. Bleasdell, Mr. and Mrs. Paul von Szeliski, the Misses Thompson, and others. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's mother on Church street, where an elegant dinner was served and the many handsome presents inspected, after which the happy couple left on their honeymoon tour.

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An interesting event took place at Glen Cottage, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Thompson, sr., on Howard street, last Friday evening. The occasion was the gathering of all their ten sons under the parental roof together for the first time in 22 years. Since the last occasion various members of the family have been residents of England, Scotland, New Zealand, Manitoba and half a dozen states of the Union pushing their fortunes, and all more or less successfully.

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Mr. W. L. Conolly of Montreal has been spending a few days in town.

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Messrs. Albert Stewart and R. Conolly, who have been visiting Guelph, returned to town last Saturday.

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Miss Annette Saunders of Guelph, who has just returned from her brother's wedding in Montreal, is staying with her cousin, Mrs. Conolly of Henry street.

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Mrs. and Miss Grant of Gerrard street have returned from the Pacific coast.

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The marriage of Miss Mabel Heward and Mr. Bruce Williams will take place about the middle of October.

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Mr. Hume Blake and Miss Manning's nuptials will take place in January next.

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The Misses Seymour of Port Hope intend residing here for the fall and winter, and will prove a valuable acquisition to Toronto's society.

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Mr. and Mrs. John Pearson left this week for a short visit to New York and Boston.

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It is understood that Mrs. Bankes will not leave Toronto, as was rumored a short time ago, for San Remo. She will be in town all winter.

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A very excellent dinner party was given at Mrs. J. K. Kerr's residence, Rathnelly, a week ago, comprising the following guests: Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Hill of London, England, and several others.

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A very charming dinner was given at Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly's residence, Sumach street, a few evenings ago, for Major Rolph, a brother of Mrs. O'Reilly's. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Nordheimer, Mr. Harrison and others.

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Mrs. C. O. Ermatinger of St. Thomas is the guest of the Misses Mackay of North Mutual street.

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Mr. Morse of College street entertained his Chinese Sabbath School Class at the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Monday evening. A pleasing programme was rendered, and refreshments provided.

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On Saturday the Argonaut Rowing Club gave an At Home, in their club-rooms, foot of York street. The commodious and conveniently filled rooms were the scene of true social pleasure. Nearly two hundred were present. An excellent lunch was furnished by Caterer R. J. Lloyd.

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Signor Rubini's concert in the Pavilion Tuesday evening was well attended. The numbers evidently pleased the audience, which evinced its appreciation by repeated recalls. The programme comprised selections on 'cello, violin and piano, as well as the vocal solos.

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Miss Hatch of Whitby is in the city visiting Mrs. E. A. Fletcher of Yorkville avenue.

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Mrs. J. M. Crowly has returned from a ten weeks' trip to Europe, greatly improved in health.

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Would A. C. C., author of the short story entitled Not Too Late, (An April Idyl), published in SATURDAY NIGHT several weeks ago please send name and address to the editor.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

The following items were unavoidably crowded out of last week's issue:

On Thursday afternoon, September 12, Mrs. Percy Nellis gave a charming At Home, on the eve of her leaving for Woodstock, where they intend to reside. Mr. and Mrs. Nellis will be greatly missed in society here. Among those present were: Mrs. Henry Strathy, Mrs. Whish, Mrs. J. K. McCarthy, Mrs. Geo. J. Mason, Mrs. J. Mockeridge, Mrs. D. Spry, Mrs. Bird, Mrs. B. Nicholson, Mrs. D. Holmes, Miss Hewett, Miss Reiner, Mrs. McKeggie, Miss Baker, and others.

Woodlands, the summer resort of Mr. D. Crawford of St. Louis, presented a very gay appearance on Thursday evening, September 12, when Mrs. Crawford gave an At Home for a number of young people. This residence being about three miles from town, some drove; others went by the steam yacht Sea Flower, and had a most enjoyable trip, both going and returning. The music and supper were all that could be wished, and dancing was kept up until 3 a.m. Those whom I noticed were Mrs. J. Forsyth, Mrs. Hill of St. Louis, Miss Ramsay, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. E. Mitchell, Miss May Buchan of Toronto, the Misses Mason, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. J. McCarthy, Mr. T. Boys, Mr. W. and Miss Edith Spotton, the Misses Forsyth, Mr. F. and the Misses Stevenson, Mr. W. and Miss Spry, Mr. Gillett, Mr. F. F. Crease, Miss Holmes, Mr. Geo. Fraser, the Misses Henderson, Miss Fleming, Dr. W. A. Ross, the Misses McConkey, Miss McLean, Dr. H. and Miss Nellis Thomson, Miss Grace of Boston, Miss McLaggan of Brooklyn, Mr. W. and Miss Harper, Mr. H. Arnall, Mr. A. Dyment, Mr. W. Cameron, Mr. Meeking, Mr. A. Forsyth and others.

On Saturday, Sept. 14, a great number of ladies and gentlemen were seen wending their way to the Barrie Tennis Club lawn, where a very interesting match was played between Mr. R. C. Gillett and Mr. W. A. Boys for the championship of Barrie. After nearly two hours of skilful playing by both, the honors were awarded to Mr. Boys. Among those who witnessed the game were Mrs. Haughton Lennox, Judge Boys, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. S. Gillett, Mr. J. Cotter, Mr. Spotton, Mr. E. and Miss Kortright, Miss Alice Foster, Miss Reiner, Mr. T. R. and Miss Boys, Miss Hornsby, Mr. A. F. Ardagh, Miss Bertie Stewart, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. H. McVittie, Miss Birdie Mason, Mr. E. R. Morton, the Misses Baker, Miss Helen Bird, Miss May Spry, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. L. McCarthy, Miss Spotton, Miss May Buchan, Miss Forsyth, Mr. A. Dyment, Miss K. Stevenson, Mr. Geo. Fraser, and many others.

Mrs. B. Nicholson of Cosynook gave an At Home on Tuesday afternoon, September 17. Owing to the inclemency of the weather not as many were present as might have been, but those who did avail themselves of this pleasure seemed to have spent a delightful afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson are leaving Barrie and will be missed very much by their friends here. The latter has always been a favorite in musical circles as well as a great acquisition.

OCULAIRE.

BELLEVILLE.

Mrs. George D. Dickson gave a five o'clock tea to her friends, on her usual reception day (Friday), between the hours of five and eight. The spacious parlors were well filled. Refreshments were served in the dining-room. The table was beautifully arranged, and presented quite a picture.

Miss Annie Wills gave a small party on Friday evening at Hillcrest, for Mrs. H. Wills of Guelph, and Miss Marian Daly of Kingston. Supper was served at one o'clock. Dancing was indulged in and enjoyed, although the evening was very warm.

Mr. Willie Lingham has returned to the city.

Miss Edith Terrill left on Tuesday for Rome, N. Y.

Mrs. Benjamin has had the handsome trophy photographed which was presented to her by her deceased son's friends in Omaha, Neb.

Miss Sarah Dickson is camping at Presqu' Isle with a party of friends.

Mrs. H. Wills has gone to Kingston with her sister, Miss M. Daly, to visit her relatives there. Mr. H. Wills has returned to Guelph after a most enjoyable holiday at his home.

Mrs. Ranney of Peterborough is the guest of Mrs. C. Wilkins.

Mr. Allan Grannam is convalescent.

BRANTFORD.

Brantford has been all but deserted for the past two or three months, but gradually the people are beginning to return from their summer holidays at the seaside, or the Muskoka lakes, or other summer resorts, and now the town is quite lively again, and the air is filled with rumors of parties and weddings, promising well for a gay season.

Woodburn, the handsome residence of Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, presented a brilliant appearance on Wednesday evening, September 18. It being the first anniversary of their wedding day, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne gave a magnificent ball to their many friends. The decorations were beautiful. Wreaths of smilax hung from the chandliers and festooned the doorways, and great banks of palms and tropical plants in the large halls and reception rooms formed effective backgrounds for some beautiful ladies dresses. The veranda was curtained in and also artistically decorated with flowers and statuary, forming a delightful promenade and also the entrance to the large tent on the lawn in which supper was served by Webb. Mrs. Osborne wore her wedding dress of white satin de Lyon, with court train and ostrich feather trimming and carried a large fan, also of ostrich feathers. Among those present were Colonel MacPherson of Ottawa, Miss Hatton of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Osborne, Miss Sinclair, Miss Osborne, Miss Leggatt, Mr. and Miss Domville, Mr. Hope, Mr. G. C. Finlay, Mr. Hobson, Dr. D. Ross, Dr. A. Osborne, Mr. A. G. Osborne of Hamilton, Miss Black of Winnipeg, Miss Backus, Miss Anderson of Port Rowan, Mr. C. O. Duncane, Mr. R. E. Duncane of Oscoda, Mich., Mr. Kilgour of Simcoe, Miss Ponssette of Sarnia, Mr. C. B. Dumoulin of Woodstock, Miss Archer of Peterboro, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Blackadder, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Yates, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Bunnell, Capt. and Mrs. Will D. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery Hale, Hon. L. M. and Mrs. Jones, Capt. and Mr. W. A. Wilkes, Mr. and the Misses Goold, Miss Kate Wilkes, Miss Cheney, Miss Bertha Goodson, Mr. J. F. Watt, Miss Watt, Miss Pike, Miss Maude Brook, the Misses Wye, Miss Hewitt, Miss Fair, Miss C. Wisner, Miss Green, Miss Van Norman, Miss Byron, Miss Dora Leonard, the Misses Macara, the Misses Bennett, Miss Hoxsie, Miss Nita Nelles, the Misses Haycock, Mr. Allen and the Misses Johnson, the Misses Crompton, Messrs. J. Y. Morton, H. T. Minty, Capt. Leith Bown, J. A. Wallace, H. B. Lewis, W. G. Killmaster, H. Cockshut, F. Fawkes, C. L. Daniel, A. C. Campbell, J. H. Oidham, G. Watt, Capt. C. Nelles, Capt. H. F. Leonard, Messrs. H. Whitehead, R. H. Reville, Pike, C. Hardy, J. T. Hewitt. The music, which was furnished by the original Italian orchestra of Toronto, was delightful. The officers of the Dufferin Rifles and of the Thirteenth who were present wore the uniform of their corps and added much to the brilliance of the scene.

On Saturday, September 21, the Brantford Canoe Club held their second annual regatta on Lovejoy's pond. In spite of the unpleasant weather a number of people were present. The race of the day was the gentlemen's tandem between the Messrs. McKendric of Galt, and Messrs. Alex. Mackenzie and H. Frank of Brantford, which was won by the latter in ten minutes and one second, and Brantford is not a little proud of the success of her boys.

MOUNT FOREST.

The marriage of Miss Kate McMullen, only

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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A Visit to an Indian Village.

Across Lake Couchiching, and just a short sail from Orillia, is the village of Rama, around which are several hundred acres of an Indian reserve on which live some three hundred Indians. We landed there a few days ago, and as the whistle blew the Indian boys came racing down over the stony hill from all directions, to the shaky little wharf. One boy with a droll side glance to his companion, asked if the Great Spirit were not coming at that whistle. We proceeded up the hill, many eyes watching us, for an arrival is always an event there, and came to a fairly large stone church with a steeple and some bit of shining stuff near the top of it that I knew must delight the Indian heart. At the doors of many of the diminutive houses we saw the dark women, washing, wringing, drying clothes, and ever and anon turning to chide, in muffled tones, a child who came too near the swaying elbows. We walked on, and out from behind one of the huts came the most savage looking specimen of man I ever saw. He was old and bent and tottering. His feet were bare, his scanty clothes ragged and dirty. The hair hung in grizzled masses over the face and ears, almost obscuring the narrow, wrinkled forehead. You can have no idea of the furrows of that face, or of the unintellectuality of the eyes that peered from behind the hanging hair. We gazed. We spoke. He answered nothing, but crossing feebly his little yard, took up an old axe, and deigning no glance at us, prepared a stick or two of wood for his evening fire. We could not look too long at such a spectacle for fear of growing despondent over the cause of humanity. As if to off-set such gloomy forebodings, our eyes fell at this moment on the most pleasing contrast to what they had just seen. An old man, and on crutches, but such a bright, intelligent face, such a courteous smile and lifting of the cap! We were in the presence of Pah-tah-sega, an ex-chief. He offered to show us the village, and first took us to see a side-walk that was being made—a rude enough affair—two unplaned boards, but the pleasure in his voice as he pointed it out to us and said, "good side-walk—goo-od side-walk," made up for all deficiencies. He began now to tell us what he loves most of all to talk about—his presentation to Queen Victoria. It was many years ago, but his memory has preserved every detail. It gave us keen pleasure to hear how the monarch of the Empire met the monarch of one of her own forest tribes. The old man said, "I was taken along from one hall to another, until we came to an immense room—very large—and away down at the other side of it sat a little woman, very quietly dressed in black. They told me that was the Queen. I could scarcely believe it. I had looked for grand jewels, magnificent robes—this little woman, so plainly dressed the Queen! But I approached slowly, I bowed low. Was she proud and haughty? No. She talked so kindly to me, she say she so glad to meet the Indian."

Pah-tah-sega told us too of his speech in Exeter Hall, "when all the great lords and dukes were present." He said: "Some one spoke before me and while he speak, I say to myself, 'Peter, you do much better than that;' my turn now come. I rose and looked over that vast audience, I pull myself together and think, 'now will I make grandest speech I have ever made.' I looked around again, but no words would come, my throat felt dry, I say to myself, 'Peter, this won't do.' I make one mighty effort and try again, still no words! A brilliant idea now comes to me, I have a little note-book in my hand, I drop it and think to gain a little time by picking it up. But do I? No, no. One of those attendants, he have it before it hardly reach the floor. He hand it to me. I think my chance is over! I look at my audience which now swim before my eyes, I open my mouth again and, praised be God, the words come out in a troop, and I speak for two hours, as I never speak before." Peter took us to his house and his courtesy to his guests could have been excelled by no gentleman of the old school. MARGARET.

Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MCLLIE,—In a Paris letter to a London journal, a correspondent says she is so glad that felt hats are to be worn this year, and then goes off into extravagant rhapsodies over the wide-brimmed hats, which can be bent into such "cunning" and "becoming" shapes. "Feathers," she assures us, are all the rage, for trimming; and black is to enter into combination with almost every color. Black braids are to be used for dress and mantle decoration, and black feathers for hat garniture; while I fancy that black furs will be seen oftener than they were last year.

Well, the sombre hue is becoming to almost everyone, when cheeks are red with rage at Jack Frost's salutations, so we need not complain.

Black lace is to be used on fall and winter hats of velvet, "drooping over the rim," says Dame Fashion; and with all due reverence to the opinion of the old lady who rules more people than any crowned head—I don't like it. The church at home—my home and yours—comes back to me, where, a few years ago, there were any number of black hats with lace frills hanging over their brims like untidy veils—and I can see no beauty in them.

The mantles and jackets are braided, braided, braided, in self colors, in black, in gold, and in all varieties of puzzling patterns.

Pretty little bonnets for the opera are made of a coronet of flowers or fruit, a little puffed tulle, and a few loops of ribbon. The flower bonnets are dainty and rather new, but the creation of flowers with tulle and ribbon tucked in as an afterthought seems to be spoken more kindly of.

Have you seen the cute little watches about the size of a quarter. Aren't they pretty? The gold ones with the hunting cases are, of course, the nicest, but the steel ones in the same size would look well with an oxydized chain, or set in a leather bracelet. Speaking of leather bracelets—they are an odd whim, are they not? but, Mollie, there is a suggestion of work in regard to the carrying of so substantial an ornament, that makes me cling to my chain and a watch pocket.

The prettiest hanging pin cushion I have seen for a long time is—a parsnip. It is made of white china-silk, filled with bran and sachet powder. Fasten some green chenille or arasene at the top for leaves, tack some twisted white ravellings at the bottom for roots, and then a few stitches of brown silk, or touches with the brush, will make your parsnip look as if it had just been taken from the ground.

I saw a novel sofa pillow to day. It was an exquisite shade of electric blue. It was satin; it was square, and it had a frill around its edge—so far ordinary: but in the front was set an oblong piece of brocatelle in shades of blue, harmonizing with the satin. It struck me as being remarkably pretty, and the idea could be carried out in other materials with equally good effect. Till next week believe me

Your sincere friend, CLIP CAREW.

A-Chestnutting.

A-chestnutting with Madge I went,
And took her basket on my arm;
She was the sweet embodiment
Of innocence that knows no harm.

I chaffed the squirral that we met,
Helped her at fences safty o'er;
The playful chipmunk won't forget
How cla e we followed to his door.

Our baskets with plump nuts we piled,
I filled her apron with them, too;
And when I shook the tree, she smiled
To think how fast our harvest grew.

How clear, upon that autumn day,
The sky's expanse of cloudless space;
We loitered on our homeward way—
A sunny smile lit up her face.

Taking two chestnuts from our store
We tried the philopœa's lot.
I think it pleased her all the more
To find that I its favor got.

"What gift," she asked, "must I procure?"
And, hinting what my heart had planned,
I answered: "Love, which shall e dure—"
And so I won her heart and hand!

Satisfaction Demanded.

Baseballist—Say, be you de editor of this paper?

Editor—I am. What can I do for you?

Baseballist—Why, in de report o' de game 'tween de Bowsers an' de Soakers, yer charged tree errers agin Mugsey de short stop; I'm Mugsey, an' I want yer ter correct it on der fust page o tomorrars paper. See?—*Life.*

Love in Muskoka.

It was at Spirit Lake, at the very limit of the pier. They were all alone. There was no moon, but the stars were big and bright and so full of self-conceit that they looked at themselves in the water and winked. Far out a boat slid noiselessly along. In a nearer boat a tair tenor voice carelessly half hummed, half sang a common love song. From the hotel came now and then the twang of a mandolin. On such a night as this did Dido stand upon the wild sea bank and wave her love to come again to Carthage. On such a night as this did Jessica—but a truce to the bard! It was the sort of night on which a man could make love to his own wife!—and those two, Edouard and Alicia, had not yet bespoken their tender vows.

"Do you know anything about the stars?" inquired Edouard, in a voice like the murmur of the wind in summer trees.

"A little, answered Alicia, tenderly. "I know some of the constellations—the Great Bear—the—"

"Yes," interrupted Edouard, "I know all about the Big Bear and I can find the North Star; but right over there is a group. Do you know the name of that?" And Edouard threw his arm across Alicia's shoulder and pointed to a cluster of shining worlds in the east.

Alicia leaned toward him. "I don't know what that is," she breathed as one who did not care.

"And there is another constellation just over our heads!" Edouard passed his arm around her neck, and placing his hand under her chin so tilted it that it would be easy for her to see. And then to Alicia's eyes the heavens became one grand carnival of constellations. Shooting stars chased each other athwart the firmament, comets played riotous games among the planets, and finally there came a soft and radiant blur which hid them all.

Edouard had kissed Alicia.

More to Come.

A lawyer who was consulted by a young woman from the country in regard to a breach of promise case, asked her if she had any letters to put in evidence.

"Why, yes, I believe I have," she replied.

She was told to send them in, that he might look them over, and in a day or two he got a package on which was written, "I can't find but these fourteen hundred just now, but will hunt up the balance this week."

A Good Opportunity.

Mrs. Gibjabber—O dear! I've got a pain in my mouth.

Mr. Gibjabber—For goodness sake, don't let it drop out. Hold it in till I get some putty.

Didn't Want His Head Re-nude.

Barber—You ought to use some of my patent hair renewer. Starts the hair out wonderful, sir.

Mr. Baldman—Does, eh? Well, I want to keep in all I have left.

Equal to the Occasion.

Governess (to small boy)—Now, Harry, will you name three wild beasts of the desert?

Harry—Two lions and one tiger.

The Bloom Was High.

First Tramp (after a fruitless raid on a hen-coop)—Bill, I wonder what made that blamed rooster fall off his perch and commence to crow so loud?

Second Tramp—You forgot cover up your nose and he thought it was sunrise.

A Modern Tyrant.

Penelope—All right, Jack, you may put that right on my finger and we'll call it engaged, but it must be definitely understood that you are to have but one kiss a day and one dance at each hop, for you dance horribly and I don't like to kiss a man with a mustache. I am to go boating, riding or walking with any fellow I please, dance as much as I please and flirt with whom I please. You are to give up smoking, card playing and wine, and finally you are not to tag around after me all the time, for I'm not going to have my enjoyment spoiled just because I'm engaged.

Jack (her humble slave)—Well, but, Penelope, tell me what I can do.

Penelope—You can read Tennyson and think of me.—*Life.*

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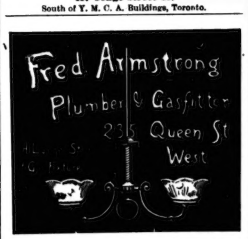

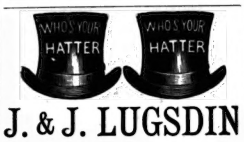

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FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART S ORY.

Luck In Odd Numbers.

By GADEN CROFYART.

CHAPTER I.

A wild, blustering day in November! The rain is coming down in torrents, a sharp wind is scattering the brown faded leaves about the ground and splashing the water drops from the boughs, down upon the luckless children beneath, the water dashes out of the eaves-pipe into the barrel, like a troop of merry children just let loose from school. The wind sweeps round the house, making the bare, sapless branches of the vines tap noisily against the windows. All the bright, warm colors of autumn have gone and the sere dreariness of November takes their places. Night comes on; the wind dies away in low moans and wails, and the dry leaves left on the trees rustle and shudder as the cold, pallid moon looks down upon a lonely figure struggling up the hill; a woman, with a child hugged close to her breast and pattering with every step. She passes by the little cottage on the brow of the hill without asking for admittance and goes on to the large house at the end of the lane.

For a long time afterward it was a source of wonder to the villagers why she, so tired and footsore, had gone by Miss Pringle's. Who can say! Perhaps the instinct which promp's dumb animals to distinguish between those that love them and those that do not, had influenced the poor, wretched creature to choose the protectress who would show pity.

"How do, Mrs. Waldy!" cried Miss Pringle, the next morning, to a neighbor who was passing, "have you heard the latest news?"

"Why, no! what's happened now?" queried the woman, as she laid down her pails and advanced nearer to the gate over which the village gossip hung.

"Oh, well, p'raps 'taint no business of mine and I hadn't oughter tell it."

The speaker paused as if debating whether she should allow her friend to taste the spicy morsel, at which she herself had been nibbling for an hour or so, but Mrs. Waldy's curiosity was now tickled and before leaving, after leaving on her part and parleying on Miss Pringle's, the story came out.

"I don't know as how it all happened 'exctly, but any way last night—wasn't it a screeching night though! Why I hardly slep' a wink, and— She was here forcibly reminded that time was flying, so she continued: "Well, as I was sayin', last night a poor creetur foun' her way to Miss Babcock's, up at the house you know, and they took her in, poor thing, and an' she died this mornin' early, an' left the chile to Miss Babcock. But just wait now," as her listener eagerly attempted to speak, "what name do you think she give that onfortunit chile afore she went off? Why Hillary or some sich jargon! Who ever heard of a name like that, I'd like to know!" As Miss Pringle stopped to take breath, Mrs. Waldy managed to ask the name of her informant, and being told that it was Sally, Miss Babcock's own girl, she went away satisfied, and soon the story was common property.

These two ladies were the stay and prop of the village; the originators of all the excitement of which the little town could boast. What would a small community do if the course of the great wheel of scandal and gossip were arrested, with all its pleasant out-butting spokes of mean speeches, hard words, petty falsehoods, ill-savored stories? Why the village would soon be worth nothing.

Not long after the foregoing dialogue or rather monologue had taken place, Miss Babcock drove past in her pony-carriage. She was going into W——, of which Betworth was a suburb, to buy flannel for the little one who had been so suddenly thrust upon her care, for kind-hearted Charity Babcock had no thought of sending away the child; her warm, motherly heart rejoiced in having some one dependent on her love, and when she felt the warm clasp of baby arms about her neck and the soft kisses from baby lips, she almost realized the depth of a mother's love. The child Hilary was not an infant as Miss Pringle thought, but a little girl of three years, and already gave promise of beauty—bright brown eyes, which shone like stars from out of their dusky depths, were shaded by straight, dark eyebrows, a straight little nose, a red little mouth, a firm little chin; in short, a little brunette. The purchases were made and arrangements settled about the funeral and Miss Charity drove back. Most of the men at Betworth worked at the great brickyards, which lay just outside of the city limits, and through their village place Miss Babcock had to go. After passing through the large gate the road skirts the woods for a short distance, then breaks through the trees and ascends a hill. On one side is the oak grove, on the other the firs taper to fine points, the dead brown of their cones blending harmoniously with the shining green branches. The road winds round and round as if longing to encircle the woods in its grasp, but, defeated of its purpose, it terminates in a long, straight lane, lying between two unfenced fields; this again merges in the broad gravelled path in front of the house, Miss Babcock's home.

The house itself is square and dotted with many windows, a broad verandah softens the angles of three sides, and from the fourth stretches a long, low wing of outhouses and summer kitchens. All through the pleasant weather the great front door stands open and from it one looks into a roomy square hall, with which the narrow staircase seems incongruous. To the left is a drawing-room, a chamber rarely opened. The walls are papered with pale brown, and imaginary pillars in a deeper shade of the same color reach from floor to ceiling. Between each column is a wide space in which most unlifelike representations of the Grecian divinities are pictured. The chairs, which are few and far between, are covered with green chintz to preserve the faded glories of the once gay upholstery. The family Bible, surmounted by a flaring crocheted mat and a peacock feather vase, rests in the centre of the round table, and Dr. Chase's receipt-book, How to be Happy Though Married, and a two years' old calendar are ranged at equal distances round the edge. Fortunately for the comfort and happiness of the inmates, the other rooms are not like this one. As Miss Babcock neared the Pringle domicile, the lady of the house came out.

"Well, have you bin seein' about gettin' that c'hile inter the work'us?" she piped in her shrill voice.

"No," returned the other courteously, "I am going to keep the baby."

"And bring her up as a servant?" inquired the old woman, unable to keep her curiosity in check.

"No," replied Miss Babcock, as an "adopted daughter."

"Daughter!" screamed Miss Pringle, "Charity Babcock, has all your sinses bin, gone an' left you? What do you know 'bout her folks anyhow?"

"I have all the necessary proofs of poor Mrs. Camden's respectability," replied the lady, as she gathered up the reins and drove on up the lane, but her interrogator stood with open mouth.

"Well, fools will be fools, I suppose, she muttered, "but I will say that never in all my life, did I see such a right, utter-down piece of foolery. Foundlin' chilern allus brings bad luck," and she hobbled back to her chair, grunting and groaning over the poor fools of this world.

"Call her Hilary," the mother had said with a cynical smile, "her life will be so happy," and gentle Miss Babcock missed the sarcasm, and did her best to make the child's life an illustration of the name. She succeeded, for Hilary grew up as innocent and light-hearted a child as could be.

But for all that, she had some traits which Miss Charity rightly concluded to have been derived from her mother—a passionate temper, a proud intolerance of anything mean or wicked. "I have stolen rather than begged, for my child," the dying woman had said and Charity feared that the daughter's pride was but a reflection of the mother's.

When Hilary was about sixteen years of age, the lady who had taught at the old schoolhouse for years, left and the trustees were in what Miss Pringle called a "scrape." After applications from and refusals to almost every newly-emancipated school-girl with a certificate, the long-suffering committee decided to advertise for a man. The result was that in a week or so, a young Scotchman, Andrew Galbraith, found himself installed as pedagogue—a most enviable situation. This position as schoolmaster was not according to his taste, but as he felt himself qualified for it and, more urgent reason still, he needed the money which was offered, he accepted. A graduate from Glasgow University, he found the task of grinding, addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, into the heads of twenty scholars, none too bright, a very arduous one. But he had one brilliant exception in Hilary Bowden; for mathematics she had no special gifts, but in history, literature and languages she excelled.

Andrew gave private lessons in Latin, French and Greek to three or four of the ambitious ones, and among them were Hilary and Dan Pappenot. The latter had spent three years at college, and was now studying law in W——. His thirst for knowledge was genuine, for, besides continuing his studies, he went farther into the infinities, and as he had a wealthy and liberal father, this proved a most fruitful source to Galbraith, who soon grew used to his rather irksome duty and took an interest in it. He did not associate much with the men or boys, except Dan, and his leisure hours in summer were spent in fishing in walking or reading, and in winter there was the skating and tobogganing. In the latter season, young Pappenot seldom or never shouldered his skates and was off to the lake, where both teacher and pupils spent their spare time, honored by the name of lake, it was in reality no more than a pond, a large expansion of the somewhat sluggish river. One day feeling depressed after a hard four hours' work, he went to the lake, where he had it untenanted, but he might as well have expected ducks to keep from water as boys and girls from ice. When he arrived an exciting game of shinny was being played, and it was with astonishment, and even horror, that he noticed Hilary among the crowd, but the most prudish of mortals could not long have withheld admiration for the graceful, lithe figure in the crimson, black braided dress, that flew from one spot to another, her cheeks flushed and hair flying, her whole form glowing with life and vigor.

Soon the little golf ball came whistling towards him, the skaters after it. The shouts, the approaching swiftness of the players, stirred his old boyish excitement, and, seizing a shinny which lay by, he sought for the little crook and darted off, the whole troop after him. The crimson fluxe is foremost, and as she draws near you see her stick and ventures the ball; but he also is ready and places his shinny on one side of hers. The others have come up and are watching to see the issue of the contest. Hilary made a sharp little movement, but, quick as thought, Andrew's stick lifted hers away and crooked the ball. A sigh escapes her as he raises and holds his own, but then two or three of the boys gather round, and after a close scuffle, he is robbed of his prize. Some one dashes on pond to the other, rolls the ball, back and forth, sometimes one taking the lead and sometimes another. Two large goals stand for one goal, and poles are at the opposite end.

Dan Forres is slowly working his way to his goal, Hilary helping all the time, in the midst of a scrimmage, he gives a sudden blow and sent the ball straight toward the stones, but the goal-keeper intercepting it, whirled it down the course to Andrew, who stood at one side. Before the rest could turn, the ball was skimming along the ice, directly for the poles. Hilary standing near them and by an almost superhuman effort, succeeded in arresting its progress, before it reached the goal, but her excitement was so great that after waving her shinny, and giving the last victorious knock, she subsided on the ice. But her purpose was accomplished, for one of her colleagues hooked the golf, and in a moment it had gone between the stones.

Soon afterwards they parted to reunite at a sewing-bee later in the evening.

The bee was as all bees are; a scene for the gossip of the past month, to criticise the absent neighbors' clothes and conduct, to pass opinion on last Sunday's sermon and the behavior of the minister's children. Hilary was heartily glad, when, at nine o'clock, the young men came in and the games began, games were the simplest description—postoffice and lead-man being the favorites.

Andrew and Hilary were among the guests, the former coming on protest, in hope that he might secure one of the hostess' sons as a private pupil; the latter because Hilary had to attend.

Postoffice, having been declined by but leadman looked more innocent, and out of politeness they were bound to join in. In the last, as several times before, the letters of the name of a person belonging to the opposite sex, and to every question which this most arbitrary of leadmen asks, replies by that name.

The simple country folk, recognizing in Galbraith, Dan and Hilary, the more refined element, coupled the names of the first and last together. To every query Hilary answered, "Mr. Galbraith," with an unblushing cheek and a firm voice; she showed no emotion of any sort, and Andrew was by no means disconcerted—he thought only of the utter absurdities of the game, telling untruths right and left. But Dan looked not so cool as his friends. At every answer in Hilary's ringing tones, his handsome, black brows drew together in a slight frown, and there was a jealous light in the dark eyes that seldom took their gaze from the one object so dear to them. And when at eleven o'clock the party broke up, not one of the lad and lass "pairs" seemed moody, because Mrs. Clupperty "didn't see no use in havin' sich a high edication for Jim." Hilary was disguised in the two vigils affairs had taken. Dan was jealous and heartsore.

As a matter of course Hilary was escorted home by the faithful Dan. The two had been inseparable from childhood, Dan being her champion, and she his devoted follower and ally; they had always been as a difference of opinion, and this little occurrence was all the more important.

Each felt that the other was out of humor, and the result was that no word of Hilary. She started and blushed, for his meaning was unmistakable.

"Oh, Dan!" was all she said, and then ran up the path to the house.

Winter passed away soon after this, and the merry boating parties and picnics were numerous. One evening as Hilary and Dan were returning from a day's canoeing, instead of going straight home they loitered through the woods. Spring had given everything a fresh sweetness, and only a slight twitter from the young birds and the faint whispering of the leaves disturbed the redolent silence. The mossy ground gave beneath their feet and a subtle odor of violets floated in the air. Dan stopped near a fallen tree and they sat down as if by mutual consent.

He was the first to break the silence.

"Hilary, I have waited a long time, but I must speak now. You love me darling, do you not? as of you know how I love you. My Hilary, we need not wait a week if you will only say so."

He pauses and looks into the down-bent face, which is flushed and sorrowful. There is no answer, but Hilary reaches down and picks a violet, then nervously tops with it. He repeats his appeal. She glances up suddenly and, with an effort, says, "I am very sorry, Dan, but I could never love you in that way."

"Don't say that," he cries, "don't play with me, dear. You love me, I know; oh! you must."

But in spite of his confident words, a great phantom doubt is filling his mind, and he goes on eagerly:

"You have never known anyone else half so well as me, and we would be so happy."

"Please stop, Dan. As all the story book heroines say, 'I will be a sister to you,' but never, never the other thing."

The light talk jars on him and he does not speak, only looks into her eyes with a great reproach. For a moment she is irritated, then a quick, angry thought rushes upon him.

"Are those things true that you said at Mrs. Clupperty's?"

"What things?" she demands indignantly.

"The answers you gave while playing leadman," he answers quietly.

"Oh, you silly goose!"—giving him a push.

"Are they?" he reiterates, keeping a firm hold of her hand.

"No; let go my hand, sir. Oh, Dan, you are hurting me!"

He loosens his hold, walks away a few paces, comes back, and planting himself before her, insists on knowing whether she entertains any thought of Andrew Galbraith. She denies the insinuation, and with truth, for, part as she is to him, she stands in awe of the grave Scot; but Dan's over-strained nerves make him fancy there is a quaver in the voice, and he says slowly and deeply:

"Hilary, if he were fond of you, would you not return his affection?"

"I think you are very rude and inquisitive. I have never thought of anybody as a lover, but I'll tell you one thing, when I do choose a husband it will be a man with more balsam than you have. I almost think sarcastic and quiet as Mr. Galbraith. There now, forgive me and make up friends."

Night falls, she touches his hand softly, but the expression on his face startles her. He stands perfectly still for a full minute, then rouses himself as if from a dream, and says in a husky voice:

"Forgive! You cannot help it. God bless you, dear."

Before she can speak he is gone, with a great lonely heartache as a companion, and she turns in the direction of home.

Night had fallen, and the pale, half-moon shed but little light, but Hilary was fearless and stepped out bravely. Her dress caught in the trellis, and as she stopped to disentangle it, her hand felt something tiny and soft in the folds of her gown. It was the little violet she had plucked, all bruised and wilted now. She tore it to pieces in sudden anger, for was it not connected with the pain she and Dan were suffering? The last wee petal was hardly flung away when she heard a step behind. Turning quickly she recognized the schoolmaster who, raising his hat, inquired if he might see her home, as it was late and she had walked. He had met Dan a few minutes before, tearing down the road, and, putting two and two together, concluded there had been a lover's quarrel.

Hilary detected, or thought she did, the tone of condescension, and flushed hotly as she answered, "Thank you, Mr. Galbraith, but I have been accustomed to these roads for years and feel perfectly safe." The note of dismissal was clearly sounded that he lost no time in taking his leave with a curt "pardon me!"

Hilary walked on, her eyes gleaming with triumph and anger as she thought of his manner and the complete snubbing he had received. The wrath which had vented itself upon the blossom was now directed towards the man with whom she felt, in a vague way, Dan's sorrow had originated. Doubtless she would have felt more gratified if she had known Andrew's sensations.

To be repulsed by a mere school girl, one of his own pupils and so rudely; why, it shook the man's vanity to the foundations! But forewrd Scot as he was, Andrew Galbraith was wise enough to grumble in secret at the many discomforts that he endured and with the liberality which a wide education and a knowledge of the world give, did not trouble himself much about the petty insults and annoyances of everyday life. He returned to his lodging and sat down to study, but he could not, he had seen it that night, white and full of agony, and Hilary's, proud, defiant and passionate, moved constantly before him.

"Poor fellow! a nice wife she will make him! The way of the world I suppose; falling in love and quarrelling. Thank Heaven, my heart is my own."

In the midst of his reflections, the door opened and Mrs. Banks, his landlady, came forward, holding a piece of soap, vulgo, wafer. Mrs. "Look'ee here, Mister Galbraith. You h'aint no notion of economy."

Andrew smiled bitterly; every article on his back was threadbare.

"You are awful hard on soap, and I've been thinkin' that I must put in the extrys; I gin you a cake three weeks ago and this is all that's left," and she held up the scrap. "Why, Mr. Peters, the gen'leman as was here afore you, I'd put a cake of soap in his room in January, and in April it was just as nice and fresh as ever!"

"I hope Mr. Peters was in the same condition," remarked Andrew, *sotto voce*. "Well, Mrs Banks, put it in the extras and give me plenty. I'll pay willingly."

Mr. B. then departed and her lodger indulged in a hearty laugh at his predecessor's expense. But soon love affairs, soap and economy were lost in the deeper and more interesting (?) study of Bain On the Mind.

However he was not long left undisturbed. About an hour o'clock a resounding rap-a-ta-tap was heard at the door, and a moment later his worthy hostess brought a telegram, leaving him with a gentle reminder of Mr. Peters. Little thought he that already worry and poverty were over for him, and that the little yellow paper bore an announcement to the effect that the poor schoolmaster was Sir Andrew Galbraith, Bart.; owner of many fair acres in the bonny home of his childhood.

But let us be expeditious, as he was, and merely say that ere a month was past, the village of Betworth knew him no more.

Hilary did not grieve much at his departure, for, as she had told Dan, no thought of love had ever entered her head concerning him, and even if she had been inclined to mope, there was an urgent reason why she should resist the impulse. Dear old Miss Babcock was dying. The well-run race was over and the runner was weak to rest. The kettle may sing for hours on the stove and the noise will not be noticed. But lift it, and the pleasant homelike hum will be immediately missed. It was so with Charity Babcock's life. She did her good deeds so quietly that no one heeded, but when the gentle hands lay still and the loving lips were mute, then was the blank felt and the kindly presence mourned.

Hilary was well-nigh broken-hearted, although she had a faithful comforter in Dan, while he, poor fellow, reproached himself daily for the faint glimmering of hope which sprang up now that Miss Babcock was gone and Andrew well out of the way. But he spoke no word and Hilary, in the sorrow which makes us all somewhat selfish, never noticed the change in her friend. Not that he grew pale and hollow-eyed as no doubt he should have done, but rather he had sailed blithely along the dancing, joyous stream of youth, and now the winds of time wafted him into the deeper and stronger currents of manhood. Many were the eddies and rapids to pass, many were the dark rocks of sorrow and disappointment, but

"Through winds and tides, one compass guides,"

and before long, he had safely launched upon the great sea of work, in which all such minor troubles as are in the river are lost.

Miss Charity's will left everything to Hilary, which was not much, but she appointed Andrew Galbraith as guardian over the orphan, a clause which the said orphan stoutly contested, declaring that the will was made before the guardian elect left Canada and that a man in Scotland could have but little control over a girl in America; to all of which the old lawyer nodded, scratched his bald, ruddy chin, then finally straightened his coat and said that this will was Miss Babcock's last, therefore valid. Word was sent to Mr Andrew of his unexpected good fortune and he replied as soon as possible, that he felt greatly honored, could not express his satisfaction, etc., which polite phrases he had immediately labelled as fibs.

She soon found that something must be done for a living; applied for the position of schoolmistress, but there was no vacancy; consulted her friends and Mrs. Forres at once offered a home, but Hilary knew that if she accepted this kind invitation, her old give Dan hopes as fervent as futile. So she asked the lawyer for his advice; he decided to write to her guardian and Hilary saw, with chagrin, that it was the only course left open. In answer to the epistle came a letter which announced that there was a very good situation in a family companion" for Andrew's aunt, and this was now offered to Hilary. If the proposal had not opened chances for travel and sight-seeing, it would have been dull, but a passion for traveling, together with the natural love of novelty, induced her to accept.

On the last day she wandered about, bidding farewell to all the old favorite haunts. As she stood upon the bridge which spanned the river, on one side was the city, full of tall, pointed spires looking misty and almost lost in the distance. Between her and the town was "buttercup meadow" in its summer robe of dazzling green and dull green. Above the field rose the woods, fully leaved and majestic in their lustrous foliage. Skirting the opposite end ran a little stream, which made a soft border of sheeny gray to the brilliant gown of buttercups, it turned a sharp bend and flowed through an adjoining meadow, it ran murmuring gently over the pebbles, now babbling and murmuring, now leaping and sparkling in the liquid sunshine, now forming little water dells, while the gaunt old trees lifted their leafless boughs with the patience of age and experience upon the baby rivulet, as it danced and rushed along impatiently to lose itself in the quiet depths of the river. On the other side stood the house half hidden by the fringe of tall willows which fringed the river bank. Hilary had, in childhood, rough irregular path led down from the house to the bank, past the spring which always bubbled up fresh and sweet, past the swamp where the marsh marigolds raised their flaming heads, and ending at last in the pier where lay the boat ready moored.

She recrossed the bridge and unloosened the boat, then took the great clumsy oars in her hands and rowed up to the lake. There she indulged in another reverie and roused herself only in time to reach home before dark. And so ended her last day in the old home.

(To be Continued.)

A Delicate Fib.

Interested Inquirer—Excuse me, sir; can you tell me what tune the band is playing?

Bystander—Well, I believe it's "Where did you get that" (glances up) a hem—those—er—er—well, I had it right on my tongue's end, but I've forgotten.—*Puck.*

The New Valet.

At a fashionable gathering a lady of title asked for a glass of water. After a while, the valet appeared, carrying a full glass in his hand.

"Silly fellow!" exclaimed the master of the house, "you should have brought that in on a plate."

By-and-bye the man came in again, carefully balancing in his hands a plate into which he had poured the contents of the glass.

"You stupid donkey!" cried the exasperated host, "how is that to drink that?"

"I was wondering myself!"

Bested by a Hotel Clerk.

"Human nature, as seen in a big hotel, is rather curious, isn't it?" I queried of the day clerk of a big hotel.

"Y-e-s," he slowly and dryly replied.

"For instance," I continued, "I have a chamber with five burners in my room, but three of the burners are broken and only two are lighted. The soap is cheap and poor, the looking glass is cracked, the marble topped stand is warped with heat and one leg of the lounge is broken. How's that for hotel nature?"

"My dear sir," he replied, as he paused for a moment from his work of figuring out the noon mail, "I was obliged to put you in a room just vacated by a Western merchant and his wife. They got drunk and rubbed the lounge and cracked the glass. She took away with her two towels and two cakes of fine soap. He is responsible for the ink stains, and he stuffed two towels into the lightest new window fixture and went off, and she broke a dollar pitcher and a seventy-cent pane of glass. We plugged up the burners because their lightest new window fixture

Blueberries.

Debbie and I were standing on Sunset Rock watching a forest fire on the side of old Shaunagunk. Debbie was crying. A great tree she had been very fond of had burst into a red blaze, changed to pink ashes, and dropped out of sight as we gazed.

"I cannot bear to see it," she said, hiding her face on my shoulder.

"No, matter, Debbie," I said. "There'll be plenty of blueberries next summer. You know there always are the year after these fires. And I'm as famous for eating blueberry pie as you are for making it."

But Debbie would not laugh.

"There are always blueberries enough," she said. "But I loved that tree—the tree we sat under when—"

"When I asked you to be my wife," said I. "And you said yes, otherwise I should not have made that remark about blueberry pies."

But I liked the tree, too, for all that. Debbie took things of that sort very hard. She could not bear to see the flowers fade in autumn, or the grass grow brown. She often said that she believed the green things growing had souls.

She had been just like that ever since she was a baby, when she petted everything in the place. The calves, the lambs, the little piglets, even the old black hog in his sty came in for a share of her favor, though he was the most unlovable creature alive. And I remember that one Thanksgiving Day—the turkey that graced the feast had been her special favorite—she absented herself from table, and was found, after long search and much alarm, hiding in the garret.

"I can't touch him, mother," she confessed. "I can't. We have been too friendly."

"An odd child," the farmers' wives declared, and thanked Heaven their own had more plain common sense and less imagination. But even then, to my fancy, Debbie Doane was the sweetest, prettiest creature alive. A slender, blue-eyed, fairy-haired wisp of a child, as light on her feet as any bird. She knew all the birds in the wood, it seemed to me, and where they nested, and I never dared touch one. I had a boy's natural brutality, of course, but for Debbie's sake I kept it under, until it died a natural death with manhood, for we lived in that pleasant place among the mountains—Debbie and I—until she was eighteen, and I one-and-twenty.

Our parents were friends, and I was an only child, while Debbie's little brothers—there were two or three of them, I believe—had passed away when they were babies. Our liking for each other pleased our mothers, and when one day I began to know that I did not love Debbie as a sister, I was sure that no one would disapprove; and up there under the tree we had just seen drop, we kissed each other for the first time as lovers kiss, and said those things to each other which only lovers say.

And so I had come to thinking of her as my future wife, and talking about her making blueberry pie for me.

But long before the blueberries sprang up over the ashes of the dead pines everything had changed.

Debbie's father was a hot-tempered man, and mine an obstinate one. They got along wonderfully with each other for many years, and it seemed to be one of those especial bits of spite which Fate doles out to lovers, that they should have their first serious falling out directly Debbie and I were engaged.

What was it about, you ask? Of all men on earth, farmers quarrel about the smallest things. The ill-feeling began about a bit of meadow, worth next to nothing, was continued by our old pear tree, which projected its roots into Mr. Doane's cellar, and finished by one of Doane's cows, who trod down our corn; and one day the two elderly men faced each other, their faces crimson, their eyes blazing, blotting out the friendship of years by their mutual taunts and reproaches, until, at last, Doane struck my father, and my father knocked him down. He fell with his head against a bit of wood, and cut it, and the blood flowed over his face and neck. The women screamed; Doane lay at length upon the grass a gory spectacle. Mrs. Doane called one farm-hand to help his master in, another to run for the doctor, and the general impression that a murder had been committed was conveyed. It was a matter for a bit of court-plaster, after all; but a life-long friendship was over forever; and it was conceded on both sides that Debbie and I must part and see each other.

Up on the mountain, where the blueberries were to be next summer, we met for the last time. The ashes of the tree we had first kissed under were all blown away, and only a grim, black stump remained to tell where it once stood. Debbie was very pale, but very firm.

"It would be an insult to father if I should marry the son of a man who tried to kill him," she said; "and Mr. Ashton did try, Eben."

"My father only resented a blow, as any man ought," I said.

"But how furiously," said Debbie; "how brutally."

And then we quarrelled, until at last we parted, going by different ways down the mountain, angry with each other, as we had never thought to be.

The quarrel between the two families changed everything. My father shortly found it too unpleasant to live in such unfriendly fashion, and resolved to move to the West. My mother felt as glad to go as he. As for me, to pass Debbie in the road without speaking had become unendurable. We left the place, and in the Western town, that grew like a mushroom on the spot that was little more than a wilderness when we settled there, I made my fortune in a business which was the outgrowth of my surroundings. With the best luck it takes some time to make a fortune, and by the time I was really rich I had come to forty years, and passed it.

My parents were both dead, and I had not married. I had tried to fall in love, but could not; and, if you will not think me a puppy, I will tell you that, being a pecuniary "catch," I was rather persecuted. Anxious parents with fine families of grown daughters flung them at my head, and the girls themselves were not behindhand. If I could have believed that my personal qualities made me appear in the light of a prize, I should have been flattered, and might have succumbed; but I knew my money was the bait which all those pretty fish were anxious to nibble, and I resolved to leave the place for a while. The wealth that seemed so great from a local point of view was not an unusual amount of money in New York, where millionaires have grown common, and I found the great metropolis pleasant, and made friends there. Amongst them I soon numbered an old bachelor of literary tastes, who told me that he had taken a fancy to me. He proved it by being very confidential.

"You are twenty years younger than I," he said; "but still you are of an age when men are usually married. Perhaps you can comprehend how you might go on for twenty years more, and never find a woman who seemed exactly what you wanted?"

"Perfectly," said I.

"Now I've had women set their caps for me," said he. "Handsome women, too. Perhaps you don't believe it?"

"Indeed, I do," said I, out of my own experience.

"Ah, you've been there; you've been there," said Mr. Groton. "Well, I couldn't respond. My fault; not theirs. But lately I've met a woman who actually does move me, but I have my doubts. I'm afraid I sha'n't be happy. She's a blue stocking."

"Ah!" said I, not knowing what else to remark.

"I'm afraid of blue-stockings," said Mr. Groton. "They are usually bad housekeepers. I am told, and they don't look up to one. I wish to be looked up to. But I have great faith in you. She's to be at Mrs. Parker's on Wednesday evening. I'd ask to bring you. And you could do what I can't—put leading questions; discover what her domestic qualities are—she suspects me; I—I daren't—and give me your opinion. There is a widow, very handsome—Mrs. Cromlich—that may be more suitable. But there's a charm about my blue-stocking. She doesn't write very masculine books; they are about birds and squirrels, and bees and flowers—children's books. But still you'll oblige a friend. If you approve, I'll see her home and offer myself on the way; if not, I'll ask to be the widow's escort and propose to her. I can't waste time at my age, and I want to settle down. Cross-question her, pray."

I promised, and on Wednesday evening entered Mrs. Parker's parlors.

"There she sits at the table," whispered the bachelor. "Pretty shoulders, eh?"

I nodded, for Mrs. Parker advanced, and there was no time for words. I was introduced.

"I want him to know your literary friend. As a stranger, he ought to know our shining lights," said Mr. Groton, with great cunning.

"Delighted!" said Mrs. Parker. "Mr. Ashton, this way, please. Miss Doane, Mr. Ashton desires an introduction. Of course you have read all Miss Deborah Doane's works? What my children would do without them I cannot say. They are an education by themselves."

"Debbie turned authoress!" I thought. It could not be! Yet Miss Debbie Doane! Was it a coincidence?

It was not, for the lady turned as her hostess spoke to Debbie—Debbie still more elegant, if not quite so pretty.

She knew me at a glance; and as I held her hand, all my old love awoke afresh in my heart. And there stood Mr Groton listening, and Mrs. Parker and the children, and what could I say to her? I did not remark, "I have had that pleasure," nor did she. We sat and talked to each other before an audience until supper time. Then old Groton whispered to me, "Take her down." And I did. And still my audience was large and attentive.

I had discovered that she, like myself, was alone in the world. I saw that she was ready to meet me half way. Yet the hour for parting approached, and if old Groton took her home, proposed to her, and was accepted, all was over. And yet while strangers listened to my words, what could I utter to show her my intentions? This is what I did say:

"As you write about such things, Miss Doane, did you ever take notice of the fact that the year after a forest fire blueberries are very plenty on the Shaunagunk Mountains?"

"Oh, yes," she replied. "I go to the Shaunagunk every summer, and I made that discovery long ago."

"And you have not only made discoveries, but pies!" I remarked.

"Many," she answered.

"Oh! do you make pies! I thought authoresses never could cook," cried one of our audience.

"A lady once promised to make blueberry pies for me," said I. "It was while a forest fire was burning; but she never kept her promise. If you go to Shaunagunk next summer, I shall call at your camp and ask you to make a pie for me."

"I do not camp out, but you will find me at a little farm house near by," said Debbie, "and I will make all the pies you want."

"It is a solemn promise!" I said.

She gave me her hand.

"I think the blueberries will be thick on Shaunagunk next summer, for the fires were fierce this autumn," she said. "Good night."

But I knew she would not accept old Groton if he proposed; and, besides, I took pains to whisper to him, in the dressing room:

"The widow is the woman for you."

He married her, but Deddie is making a blueberry pie for me at this moment, and the berries were picked on old Shaunagunk.

Charming Virginia Clay.

At the recent national editorial convention, held in the city of Detroit, the labors of the delegates were lightened and the various meetings made pleasant by the presence of many beautiful and talented women from all parts of the country.

One of the brightest, wittiest and most charming of these editorial ladies was Miss Virginia Clay of Huntsville, Ala., and in the hope that a few words about this energetic young southern woman may encourage those who are in trouble, or strengthen those who may have suddenly to meet difficulties and disaster, the Detroit *Free Press* has gathered from those who know the young lady some facts of her life which are certain to be found interesting. The Huntsville *Democrat* was founded in 1823, and was owned and managed for many years by J. Withers Clay, a well-known Democrat in the State of Alabama. Four years ago Mr. Clay was stricken with paralysis. The war had left him, as it left so many thousands of others, in poverty, and at the time that paralysis overtook him, he was recovering in a measure from the disasters of that conflict.

Mr. Clay has four daughters. The eldest is Mary, and the youngest, Miss Elodie, Virginia and Susie coming in between. The youngest was a clerk in the postoffice. The eldest devoted her entire time to taking care of her father. Mr. Clay had been given up by the physicians, who said he had only a few days to live. Miss Mary, who herself was an invalid, tried massage and all the advanced methods of treatment. She made a study of the subject and devoted herself entirely to her father. The result has been that Mr. Clay has partially recovered from the effects of the stroke. He is able to walk around and to understand what is said to him, although he cannot write or speak. Yet the girls manage to understand what he desires them to do. It is a remarkable fact that when Miss Mary began to nurse her father she was herself an invalid and a very slim, delicate girl. The results of the four years' care have been that she is now robust and better than she ever was in her life before. The two girls, Virginia and Susie, bravely took charge of the paper. Miss Virginia had some trouble with the employes at first, who thought that they could do as they pleased, now that a young girl was at the head of affairs, but she speedily brought order out of chaos. One remark that she made will illustrate her energetic qualities. One of the employes had said that Susie was a printer's devil, and this remark gave great offence to Miss Susie. Miss Virginia blazed out at the person who made this remark.

"You will have to treat Miss Susie with respect," she said. "I want you to understand that I am the devil in this office, and so you can govern yourselves accordingly."

She promptly discharged those who were rebellious, reorganized the office, did everything from writing the whole paper sometimes to setting type, and when that was done went out as collector and gathered in the shekels due. As collector Miss Virginia was a great success, and those who met the charming young woman in Detroit will understand the difficulty a man would have in refusing to pay a bill that was due. She collected debts that no man could have collected, and she and her sister have made a great success of the Huntsville Democrat. Personally, Miss Virginia Clay is a handsome, tall and rather slim girl. In conversation she can more than hold her own in any company, and all in all she is an excellent example of what the ladies of the New South can do when they try.

She Stood Him Off.

A landlord who was before one of the Circuit Court Commissioners the other day to see about getting a non-paying tenant out of his house explained:

"It is now five months since I got a cent of rent. Their first excuse was the death of a child. Their second the sickness of the husband. Their third his being out of work. Their fourth was that a relative had died. Their fifth was given yesterday.

"What was it?" asked the Commissioner.

"Well, I called at the house and rang the bell. No answer. I then went to the side door. No answer. Then I went around to the kitchen, where I found the woman. I told her I had come to make a last demand before appealing to the law, and she insisted that I go around to the front door and ring the bell. I did so, and she opened the door, looked me over from head to foot, and said:

"'Sir, if you have called to see my husband he is out.'

"But you'll do just as well, madam. I have come for the rent.'

"'Who are you, sir?'

"'Your landlord, of course.'

"'I can't place you, and I shall pay you no money until you are properly identified. Call with your papers some day next week.'"

Rapid Transit.

"Talk about fast running," said the Michigan Central man, "you ought to see our Limited full head. Why, we pass the telegraph poles so fast they look for all the world like comb teeth!"

"Oh, that does very well," responded the Wisconsin man, "but we can go you one better I guess. Just as one of our slow trains was pullin' out of Neenah the other day, I undertook to slap the ticket agent and I hit a man a' Waupaca. Goin' down now to settle a suit for assault and battery."

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column." SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

CLARA MCKEAN, Mount Forest.—The author of A Bad Man's Sweetheart and Don are one and the same person.

S. A. D., Toronto.—Your writing indicates a reserved, calculating disposition. You are orderly, self-reliant and habitually act after mature deliberation.

BURT BEE, Owen Sound.—You are self-reliant, ambitious, good-natured, inclined to carelessness and lacking a little in perseverance. We would have no use for the MSS. you mention.

BIRD, London.—Your writing shows determination, an impulsive nature, and a sensitive disposition. Your own work is to be preferred in making pre-ents to gentlemen—although a favorite author or a handsome bound copy of poems is never amiss. I would suggest a wisk holder, which is always useful and not hard to make. Cover a board twelve inches square with plush, to the left fasten a band of the plush, on a pasteboard foundation, to the right two narrow bands. The wider will hold a wisk, the other a soft hat brush. Ornament the bands with embroidery, applique or a pattern in brass rings—they are all pretty. Tie a ribbon at the wisk, and hang the holder by a long ribbon loop with pretty bows.

CHESTERFIELD, Hamilton.—1. If the seat be comfortable there is no objection, as the vehicle is not a hack. The post of honor is the back seat, facing the horses, and right side. This should be given the eldest or most distinguished lady. 2. Ask the lady if she will allow a correspondence, and write to her soon after her departure if she grants your request. 3. Intimate association gives the right of familiar address, but it is bad taste to call mere acquaintances by the Christian name—more, it is rude and may with propriety be resented. A long acquaintance and a true friendship warrant a gentleman's asking a lady to address him familiarly, and if she accedes to his request, she will probably ask him to dispense with formality in addressing her. We are pleased to be of any assistance in these or similar matters.

What She Liked.

The simple truth has a charm all its own, and is sometimes quite as likely to awaken a smile as the most profound witticism.

"Well, Annie, do you like going to school?" asked a visitor of an amiable girl who had never been famous for devotion to her books.

"Yes," said Annie hesitatingly after some consideration, "I really think I like it very well."

"That's good. And why do you like it?"

"Well, there are so many pleasant things about it," said Annie, with a smile over remembered joys. "Walking to the school house in the morning, you know, and talking with the girls at recess and coming home at noon and night. Oh, yes, I really think I like to go to school."—*Youth's Companion.*

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Mr. Gasphard—'Xcuse me fer gruntin', lehdies, but d' tide runs so mitey strong heah I kin jess mek d' boat move.—*Judge.*

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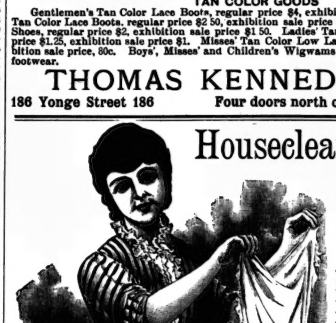

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The Terrible Old Lady.

The *enfant terrible*—the unsophisticated little boy or girl who in the most innocent and natural way exposes family secrets before company—has long been a favorite topic with social satirists. The manner in which he or she reveals the skeleton in the closet—tells how papa came home acting so funny the other night or how mamma can take off all her hair, is a never failing source of copy for the funny writers, and it is to be presumed of amusement to their readers. But the artless and unconscious prattle of the *enfant terrible* is not half as much to be dreaded by society in general as the malicious gossip and unwelcome reminiscences of the terrible old lady. There are few circles in which she is not known and feared. This personage is usually one who has resided in the locality since the days of the pioneers and knows the history and origin of every family of any standing in the place. She is a perfect encyclopedia of genealogical and personal lore, and nothing delights her more than to indulge her recollections of "Toronto of Old," and preserve from oblivion stories and traditions which the living representatives of the "old families" are not at all anxious to recall. She takes a malicious pleasure in contrasting the style which the younger people now display and the airs they assume with the humble position occupied by their fathers or grandfathers. Cynical and envious people of course are fond of drawing her out. It amuses them immensely to hear her expatiate on how Mr. Plutock, the purse proud banker, was fifty years ago one of the nine children of a poor laborer who lived in a tumble down shanty in Cabbagetown—how the Bontonnes need not put on such high and mighty airs to her, seeing that the old man kept tavern somewhere near the Don, away back in the fifties, and drank himself to death—or how she remembers perfectly well how old Mrs. Rumpapo, the mother of the distinguished lawyer and politician, used to sell garden stuff in the market, and had such a terrible tongue that she was the scandal of the whole neighborhood. Such reminiscences, which of course lose nothing in their repetition, make the old lady a veritable terror to all whose social pretensions and family claims will not stand the best of examination. When her disclosures are tempered by a sense of justice, and not too much embellished by the accretions of fiction, her ready memory and tongue are a healthy corrective of the snobbery and unfounded pretension to blue blood so common in our society.

Labor.

The pains which the faithful teacher takes with the pupil or class seem a trifling matter compared with the worth of the education itself when gained, and the influence which it may exert on society and hand down to future generations. Yet all these far-reaching results may be traced to the hours of patient and earnest work by teacher and pupil. The same is true of all labor. The wonderful growth of a city is due to the enterprise of some, to the skill and ingenuity of others, to the productive toil of many. The establishment of some noble institution for the benefit of mankind, of which we are justly proud, might never have taken place but for the humane feeling and the intelligent foresight that were happily united in some one individual, who never dreamed of the grand results which would ensue. Labor in its various forms is the foundation of all comfort, all progress, all enjoyment, and even of life itself. Our food, our clothing, our dwellings, our schools, our government, our comforts, and the money which they cost are all representatives of the hard work of many people in many places; and only thus could they exist. Yet work has other functions less widely recognized. It is valuable for its effects upon the worker himself. It strengthens his muscles, develops his powers, raises his courage, exalts his character. It is the pith and marrow of a happy, healthy life.

Women Duellists.

So far from duelling becoming extinct in Europe, it is now being taken up by the fair sex, who fight in the approved orthodox style with swords. There is no hair pulling or any of the styles of warfare peculiar to the sex, when they indulge in a hand-to-hand combat. The story goes that two Viennese beauties of noble birth, the Countess de Kinsky and the Countess Schoenborn met in a small wood near the Imperial city lately. At the second thrust the Countess Schoenborn was wounded in the left breast, and her opponent received a wound in the forearm. And as the duellists since the days of chivalry have spilt blood over some fair one whom both adored, so did these Amazons have as an object of feud a handsome young officer of the Imperial Guard.

Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him. Should he ask a friend to lend him a hundred pounds, it is possible, from the largeness of his demand, he may find credit for twenty; and should he humbly only sue for a trifle, it is two to one whether he might be trusted for two pence.

MUSIC

The Toronto Vocal Society has commenced a vigorous and drastic policy. All the old members have had to submit to an examination of the individual vocal powers by the conductor. Whether he has rejected any of the candidates, I cannot say, but the effect in any case must be good. This process has so far weeded the society down to a working membership of seventy, as several of the members have not offered for re-enrollment, and there are now some vacancies for applicants, who must have good voices and read music quickly.

The Philharmonic Society, in organizing its chorus for Arminius, has followed the same plan. But it is not in itself sufficient. By this means the general standard of the chorus is raised, but its numbers are lessened, without providing any of the machinery for raising the numerical strength to its old standard, or for replacing those who drop out year by year. This can only be done by organizing a class for the teaching of sight reading and elementary vocal culture, and the society that undertakes this will be the favorite one in days to come, with both singers and auditors. It is strange that in a large city like Toronto there is no public means by which a fair knowledge of music reading can be gained. One or two gentlemen are doing good work in this direction, but it should be taken up on a larger scale and with stronger influence behind.

The authorities of the Queen's Own Rifles have, with commendable energy, arranged for another concert, at which the combined bands of their regiment and the Thirteenth Battalion will take part. Mr. Bayley has arranged a most interesting programme and both bands are already practicing the music.

Dr. Louis Maas, who gave a piano recital here about a year ago, died last week after an illness of some three weeks.

The Buffalo orchestra bids fair to be set on its feet for another season. Mr. Fred C. M. Lautz, whose personal liberality has made its existence possible in former years, is again energetically pushing its interests, and hopes to make it possible once more. If he succeeds, it is to be hoped that our neighbors may be persuaded to come over once or twice and give us an idea of what they can do. What a pity it is that we cannot keep a professional orchestra—however small—together in Toronto! The man who could design a plan which would make a local professional orchestra a possibility, would confer a lasting boon upon musical Toronto.

If Wagner is dead, Wagnerianism is not by any means. The past Wagner Festival at Baireuth has been successful in every respect. Eighteen representations drew $120,000, of which the Wagner family receives $13,000. In London, under Mancinelli, several of Wagner's music dramas were sung in Italian, in itself a victory of no mean moment for the lovers of the great innovator.

The organization of choral bodies is looking up again. Mr. J. W. Trendell, who is now living in Berlin, is organizing a society in that town, with very bright prospects, as he has the good will of the best people in the place. He will be found a wise choice for the post of director.

Among the new arrivals in Canada is Mr. Fred C. Smythe, Mus. Bac. Trinity College, Dublin, who has come to Ottawa to teach the Canadian College of Music. Mr. Smythe was for fifteen years a prominent feature in the musical life of Belfast, Ireland, where he was organist of St. George's, and later of St. James' Church, in both of which he organized choirs whose excellence won for him high renown. He was also director of the Belfast choir, which performs oratorios and cantatas with full orchestral accompaniments. This is the kind of new blood we want in Canada.

Messrs. A. and S. Nordheimer have sent me three new songs just published by them, of which Mr. W. O. Forsyth contributes two, for contralto or mezzo-soprano: Trust—the words by Frances Ridley Havergal, and the Valley of Silence—words by Father Ryan, the Laureate of the South. Mr. Forsyth has succeeded in setting these to music of a sympathetic character, and we may look for their popularity. The other song is by Mr. Lucas, who has set Tennyson's Sweet and Low to music. Often as this has been done before, Mr. Lucas has given us a new and most melodious setting.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

A few days ago I saw a paragraph going the rounds of the press to the effect that the chestnut had now gone through the hands of the circus clown and had wearily returned to its original abiding place—the end man in a minstrel show. That paragraph was inaccurate. The chestnut appeared at the Grand Opera House this week in gaudy profusion in Starlight, described as a "musical farce comedy." Nowadays when you have a hotch-potch of singing, dancing and variety show, it is called a musical farce comedy, and that category now will embrace almost anything and everything. At the second thrust the Countess Schoenborn was wounded in the left breast, and her opponent received a wound in the forearm. And as the duellists since the days of chivalry have spilt blood over some fair one whom both adored, so did these Amazons have as an object of feud a handsome young officer of the Imperial Guard. Starlight is no better, and no worse than a great many of its congeners. The jokes have the respectability of age, relieved here and there with the impertinence of youth. Literary merit and elegance it has none, the following being one of its most attractive efforts:

"Razzle-dazzle, razzle-dazzle!
How drunk I am!
Don't give a d——n!"

The usual amount of ground and lofty tumbling and eccentric acting is thrown, and with all the commonplace that I have spoken of, I could not help laughing till my sides cracked, and I went a second time, and yet a third to see Starlight.

Undoubtedly the attraction was Vernona Jarbeau, who is a charming, sparkling, bright little bit of scintillating comedy. She is the personification of restless grace. She sings very nicely, dances very prettily, but gives you the impression that she is in every respect smarter and abler than she turns out to be on close dissection. She rejoices in the most mysterious black lingerie, of which kaleidoscopic peeps are vouchsafed to the admiring audience. Her dresses are becoming and sometimes rich, and display her charming figure with generous unselfishness. I don't know what standard Dr. Stone and Mr. Benson set up as the Rubicon in these matters, but I don't think that even they would have found serious fault with the fair Vernona, so innocent and lamb-like are her frolics. She was very happy in her topical song, That's Enough, Don't You Think? and made some clever local allusions. Much of the other fun is in the hands—and feet—of Messrs. Bert Coote as Quackleton Quaver, Charles Kirke as Muddlebrain, with a splendid German accent, and Budd Ross as the Fugitive Brailligan, with the conventional Irish accent. Four or five young ladies of good looks and fair talents, with Mr. Edward Poland as Harold Marker, complete the company. Of plot there is absolutely none, and no one wants it in this sort of entertainment. The music is very ordinary and commonplace, but the fun is there in plenty.

Mr. Roland Reed opens a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House next Monday night in his eccentric play, The Woman Hater. Roland Reed is a comedian whose humor is peculiarly American. It is that dry, serious humor which had as its earliest, and perhaps highest exponent, the lamented Artemus Ward. It is to this family of comedians that Roland Reed belongs, yet his peculiarities are distinctly his own. Of The Woman Hater, one of the best critics has written: "The merit of this farce is that it grows steadily more absurd in its predicaments." His company is said to be a good one, and may be relied on to furnish an excellent show.

The Fugitive has been with us again this week at the Toronto Opera House, with Mr. Mason Mitchell as star. The Fugitive is a melodrama of English life, which contains many strong points, and when elaborately set and played by an able company, furnishes an excellent evening's entertainment for those who like drama of a stirring kind. Mr. Mitchell is a handsome young man with a powerful voice which he keeps well controlled, avoiding the tendency to rant which marks so many melodramatic actors. He is supported by an excellent company. Mr. Henry Napier as Squire Stollery is almost too good-natured to make a first-class villain and in one of his scenes with Ruth Raleigh, the maiden he has ruined, he approached so near comedy that I felt more disposed to laugh than thrill with horror. Miss Annie Lockhart as Mabel Malyon, the heroine, threw a great deal of feeling into her part. The less important characters were well handled, and Mr. Harry Rogers as Crackles was very amusing. Next week, Woman against Woman.

Miss Agnes Law's first recital on Thursday, September 19, was poorly attended. The rain made the night intensely disagreeable, but those who braved the bad weather were well entertained. Miss Law has a powerful voice, her gestures show evidence of careful study and she enunciates perfectly. In the portrayal of masculine character she excels. Her broken French and Italian, and her Scotch dialect are markedly successful features. Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, A. T. C. M., was pianist, and his selections were pleasing—plaintive, soul-stirring melody, which took one back into the half-forgotten yesterdays; and brilliant passages all dash and sparkle, driving away the realization of the chilly atmosphere, and the dismal, drip, patter, splash of the rain-drops.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

An English actress, deservedly a favorite with the London public, owns twenty-two hansom cabs, which bring her in a snug little income. Her drivers, horses and cabs are exceedingly well kept, and rank with the "swellest" of the West End. Comedy pays better than tragedy.

Sol Smith Russell's wife is a small, intellectual-looking woman with a Bostonese face. She is the daughter of Mr. Adams, known to fame as Oliver Optic. Mr. Russell is the owner of several fine buildings in Minneapolis besides his handsome residence. He takes care of his money.

Once again the English comedian, Mr. J. L. Toole, has become an object of sympathy. It is well known that he has had the misfortune to lose, in somewhat close succession, his son, his daughter, and his wife. It is now announced that his only surviving blood relation—his brother, Mr. Frank T. Toole—is dead. It is not often that anyone is subject to so long a series of domestic afflictions as that which "Our Only Comedian" is fated to mourn.

Gustave Flaubert was superstitious, and a believer in the migration of spirits. At the banquet given him in 1880, when the dessert was on the table, a young lady approached to place on his head a crown of flowers. But it was too large and slipped over his shoulders, an accident which inspired him with the strange thought, "I feel as though I were coffined." A week after he was dead, dying as he had wished, very suddenly. "I would like," he would say, "to disappear like a flash of lightning." Then he would add, "I would at least have the satisfaction of knowing that there would be no discourse over my grave."

It is whispered in New York that the lion's share of the engagements for the season has been made by Mrs. E. L. Fernandez. The reason is obvious. Wherever one goes one hears nothing but kind words of her—her consideration, her urbanity, her politeness, her never-failing good humor, are always descanted upon, and so waiting in her parlors is robbed of some of its torture, and is made less to resemble the fate of the domestic help seeking whom it may devour than it does in other offices. Strange world of ours that ordinary civility should be at such a discount that when it appears it wins "in a canter hands down."

Victoria Vokes made a dismal failure of her first night at Philadelphia. There is no doubt she was unnerved—over-worked with rehearsal and excitement. As she is not a novice on the stage, there can be no talk of incapacity. She was ill, and that's all that can be said about it. Cecil Clay and his wife (Rosina Vokes) were in a box, and their mortification was really pitiable. It would have been far better to have made an excuse and dismissed the audience. However, Miss Victoria has redeemed herself since, but she owes it entirely to her past reputation. She has my sincere sympathy, for she is one of the best of women, and in every sense a clever actress.

Ellen Terry, Mary Anderson and Mrs. Langtry are all three equally extravagant in the price they pay for their gowns. The material may cost one, five, or ten pounds a yard if it is prettier than any other. Mdme. Auguste made Mrs. Langtry the two principal dresses she is wearing as Esther Sandraz. The Pompadour dress is of turquoise blue silk and satin trimmed, almost strewn over with pale pink roses. The front of the low bodice is composed of graduated rows of pink ribbon, and there are old lace ruffles in the sleeves. The dress Mrs. Langtry wears as a shepherdess is of yellow brocade with an accordion kilted skirt of white crepe de Chine. The bodice and skirt are ornamented with trails of yellow roses, colored lilac, and loops and buds of mauve ribbon. A large leghorn hat, trimmed with bunches of roses, lilac and mauve ribbon, is worn with this costume. The silver-mounted crook is decorated with flowers and ribbon to match the hat. Mrs. Langtry is said to have no taste for jewelry.

Money making is the evident aim of dramatists, managers and actors, consequently the water tank, the fire engine, the shipwreck, Irish humor and barroom wit are relied upon at a majority of the local theaters to attract the dollars of the vast transient population temporarily housed in this city, says the New York *Mercury*. It would appear that it has become necessary to import the better class of stage wares for domestic consumption, as is apparent in the engagements concluded for the occupancy of the leading local theaters by Signor Salvini, by Wilson Barrett and company, by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and their forces, by Charles Wyndham and his comedians, by William Terriss and his organization, by the sisters Victoria and Rosina Vokes and their respective companies and by the London Gaiety burlesquers. This is a pretty good showing for the readers in foreign dramatic merchandise, who are indebted to the prevailing traveling combination system for the profitable trade which promises to reward their business enterprise. Stock companies, the only genuine dramatic training schools, are no longer in vogue, because the speculators who traffic in mechanical stage nightmares and claptrap sidewalk wit find it much easier and more profitable to act as theater janitors under the misplaced title of managers than it would be to select and direct plays entailing mental and physical labor. Hence it is that show shops, presenting Tin Babies, Bunches of Chestnuts, and Rag Soldiers are in the majority, although some of them, as a bait to the uninitiated, announce a scale of prices ranging from ten cents admission to half a dollar for the best seats. Such show shops do not always live up to their promises, although they do provide a few very uncomfortable places for greenhorn patrons at a dime per foot of space. The bulk of the interior of such places is arranged to yield an average of thirty-five cents for each adult patron. The method adopted is very simple. The would-be cheap show patron buys a ten or even twenty-cent ticket which he discovers upon entering the auditorium will place him among the coalitee occupants of the rear of the gallery or in the "thick" of the seething "standees" at the back of the seats. An usher gruffly tells him he can get his ticket exchanged by paying twenty-five or even fifty cents for one with a "kue-pon" which will entitle its holder to one of a forest of vacant chairs in front of the "standee" barrier, and he accepts the alternative with set teeth, pays his money and concludes that he is buying Gotham experiences. This is, however, not legitimate theatricals, and unless foreign countries are to be relied upon for future supplies of intellectual acting, local managers must form native stock companies so that the American stage may be rightfully occupied by its own trained talent.

A Queen's Park Idyl.

For Saturday Night.

A seedy tramp, beneath a tree
His ragged length doth stretch,
And, while the weather waxeth hot,
Full many a pant doth fetch.

A festive boy, with fiendish grin,
Approacheth from the rear;
The grin increaseth, verily,
As quick he draweth near.

The tramp's head droopeth heavily;
Things round about grow dim,
When lo! the boy, with pin full sharp,
Severely jabbeth him.

The tramp right lustily doth howl,
And reacheth for the boy,
Who, safely speeding o'er the sward,
Exploideth much with joy.

Adown the dale, at double quick,
Cometh the cop full stern,
And to the bastile suddenly,
The tramp's swart face doth turn.

'Tis quiet now, where erst that howl
The noontide air did rend,
One heareth but the locust's grate—
Thus doth my idyl end.

Star Eyes.

For Saturday Night.

Long I rested in the shadows
Of an ancient forest dim,
Where the golden sunlight flooded
Lofty pillared halls within;
Where a silver woodland mirror,
Clear reflects the silent leaves
With the graceful ferns and rushes,
And the web the spider weaves.

Still I lingered when the brightness
Faded from the crimson West,
And the ebon robe of evening
Fell upon the water's breast;
For the starry eyes of Heaven
Gazed upon me dreamily,
And among them, brightly shining,
Looked the eyes of Emilie.

Tender eyes 'mid darkness beaming,
Gazing on me in the night,
Many years will roll in darkness
Unillumined by your light;
But whene'er the eyes of Heaven
Look upon me from the skies,
Bends upon me from among them
Brighter light from dearer eyes. G. B.

"Lost."

There were six that went out in the morning of life
From the sweet old home on the farm—
Six, with the prayers of a mother's heart
To guide and shelter from harm.
Down to the city of glare and sin,
With souls that seemed steady and strong,
Six in the beautiful morning of life,
And one of the six went wrong!

Stalwart were they, but their baby days
Were a memory still to the soul
That waited and watched in the lonely home,
And dreamed with pride of their goal.
And then the message of wealth and fame,
In business and art and song—
Five gaining crowns that the world saw and praised,
But one of the six gone wrong!

Pride flashed the word to the mother's heart,
And laid its wealth at her feet,
Valor and glory and fame came there,
With messages loyal and sweet.
Fervent the love that returned her own,
Tender, rewarding and strong,
But the sad eye wandered in piteous quest
For the one of the six gone wrong!

"Oh, where is my bonny sixth boy to-night?"
Wailed the heart that longed in vain—
"What is the laurel or glitter of gold
To the throb and the fever and pain?
These five are safe, but the lost one I crave,
Vainly I look and long:
Lost!"—and the heart of the mother broke
For the one of the six gone wrong!

Too Sick to Go to School.

When brother Jack and I were boys,
Full twenty years ago,
We never feared to go to school
Thro' storms of sleet and snow;
But summer weather made us sick—
When forests beckoned cool—
Not sick enough to feel bad,
But too sick to go to school.

On rainy days' thro seas of mud
Undauntedly we sailed,
But when the pleasant weather came,
Our constitutions failed,
Or if a circus chanced to come
It found us, as a rule,
Not sick enough to feel bad,
But too sick to go to school.

Oh, often in the morning
We woke in woeful plight,
But after father went to work
Our illness all took flight.
We hunted up our fishing rods
And sought some shady pool—
Not sick enough to feel bad,
But too sick to go to school

One day our father happened home
As we came straggling in
And drew us gently o'er the edge
Of the potato bin.
That afternoon we sadly sat
Beneath the teacher's rule;
Quite sick enough to feel bad,
And too sick to go to school.

Ladies and Women.

The saleslady shines in a silken attire,
The price of scant comfort and long-hoarded hire;
The chamber-maid lady in garments of white
And ribbons of scarlet appeals to the sight;
The bluest of plushes the cook-lady shows,
And fills up the sidewalk wherever she goes;
And even the wash-lady proudly steps by
In velveteen ruffles that startle the eye;
While the woman they wait upon goes about town
In a plain little, brown little, tailor-made gown.

Saved a Life.

Solomon Isaackson—Haf you heard the news, Shacob, dot I haf safed dhose lifes oaf Reuben Cohen dhis morning aleretty?

"Nein, mine frendt, how was dot?"

"He fell off de dock und couldn't schwim."

"Und you schumped in und helluped him oud?"

"Ach, Du lieber! I schreams, 'come oud und I pays you dot ten dollar I owe you,' und he climbs dot water out like a doock."

Had Friends There.

Fred—You see, Albert, I gave up my Sunday school class in order to take charge of a Bible class in the prison.

Albert—You must feel a little awkward among strangers, do you not?

"Oh, I knew several of them. One of them used to be one of father's most trusted clerks, and another was at one time an old Sunday school teacher of mine."—*Time.*

The Whole Truth.

Judge—Miss, what is your age?

Witness—I am past twenty.

Judge—You must be more explicit.

Witness—Well, I am between twenty and thirty.

Judge—No more trifling. State your exact age.

Witness—I'll be thirty day after to-morrow.
—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Too Late.

After the wedding ceremony a friend of the family took the father of the bride apart and whispered to him: "I observe that you do not seem to be aware that your son-in-law is over head and ears in debt."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain; and I am convinced he has only married your daughter with the object of paying off his creditors with the dowry."

"Why did you not mention this before?"

"He owes me five thousand dollars!"

He Got It.

Silker—What is it, my man?

Tramp—I have four cents. If you put six to it I'll blow you off to a beer.

Noted People.

Mr. Edison smokes a great deal; the more work he does, the more cigars he consumes.

Joaquin Miller is about to purchase a yacht and take a trip through the southern part of the Pacific Ocean.

M. Barbedienne, the famous bronze founder of Paris, exhibits at the Exposition a clock that is valued at $70,000.

Lord Tennyson asserts that his coming volume of poems will be his absolutely farewell contribution to literature.

The Prince of Wales, who is very fond of his children, calls his daughter Maud "Jack." This Jack may some time become a queen.

Mr. Edwards, United States Consul at Berlin, is a queer fellow. He is actually charged by the Germans with being too closely devoted to his duties.

Queen Victoria's recent visit to Wales brings out the statistics that during her reign of over half a century, twelve days only have been spent in Ireland.

James Russell Lowell has been placed by a friend in possession of the manuscript of an early poem written by himself, which, it seems he had utterly forgotten.

The Grand Duke of Hesse has established a home-farm at Kranichstein, near Darmstadt, and the Queen has sent him some pedigree cattle and pure bred white pigs from the Shaw and Flemish farms at Windsor.

The Czar, who recently banished his brother, the Grand Duke Alexis, has now dispatched the Prince of Oldenburg, the commander of the Imperial Guard, upon his travels, and he is ordered to remain out of Russia for a year.

There are only two royal scientists living at the present time worthy of the name. One is Prince Albert of Monaco, well known for his deep sea researches, and the other is the Archduke Ludwig Salvator of Austria, a courageous traveler, and a by no means contemptible naturalist.

The Prince of Monaco is dead. So the bright little principality from which he takes his name is thrown into pseudo-mourning; for, though he has made his "home" at Chateau Marchais, near Loan, the Grimaldi vaults are cut deep into the rock from which the Prince has banished himself—by, shall we say, his cupidity.

Alexandre Gustave Eiffel, who has leaped into fame on the strength of nine hundred and seventy five feet of masonry and iron, is a muscular-built man of commanding presence with sandy grey hair and closely cropped beard. He is also seven and fifty and has not escaped decoration, being a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and commander of divers other orders, yet he commences his work daily at six in the morning, and he wears the worst fitting trousers in Europe.

James Gordon Bennett is nine and forty years of age, and has been the sole proprietor of the *Herald* during nineteen of them. He is a citizen of the world and has an income of something like $750,000. He spends the greater part of the year in Europe where he is almost better known than in America. He speaks French like a native, and is a champion polo player. He is also much given to hunting, and his yachts have on more than one occasion been the scenes of most exuberant festivity. He is unmarried, albeit once engaged.

And so, if report is to be credited, Amelie Rives is to collaborate with Cotulle Mendes on a novel. This ought to be pleasant reading for the society which Mrs. Chanler embellishes and adorns. Cotulle Mendes used to be the husband of Theophile Gautier's daughter Judith. Someone, in the course of discussion, once asked Mme. Mendes, "What, in your opinion, is the worst possible affliction that can befall a woman?" "To know Cotulle Mendes," was the prompt reply. The Mendes's have lived apart for years, and Paris makes no secret of the reasons. One might imagine that Mr. Chanler could be better employed at present than popping off small game in Africa while his wife establishes literary partnership with the man whom Dumas *fils* once described as "the most depraved and dangerous genius alive."

King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, the honorary president of the Oriental Congress now sitting at Stockholm, is no doubt the most learned monarch in Europe. Born on January 21, 1829, he did not ascend the throne before 1872, when his brother Charles XV. died, and he has devoted much of his time, especially before, but even after, this event, to hard study, scientific research, and literary pursuits. More than forty years ago King Oscar made a somewhat extended journey to Egypt and other eastern countries, and ever since that time he has been largely interested in the progress of Oriental science. The king is an admirable linguist, and speaks with perfect ease the modern European languages. He made an eloquent speech in English at a Freemasons' festival when he visited England last year. At the Oriental Congress he has quite charmed the learned men assembled there with his linguistic knowledge. His address in French at the opening of the Congress was admirable.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, now editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is a fastidious-mannered, severely-dressed man of striking appearance, with a hopelessly waxed mustache and looks a decade younger than his years, which are forty-eight. He is one of those rare knights of the quill on whom fortune has always smiled; he has never been compelled to exercise his pen for the benefit of his landlady, and never even in his callow journalistic days did he know what it was to sleep on a pile of manuscript, or to wear seedy clothes. He accordingly writes only when in the mood, which is seldom, but his work atones in quality what it lacks in quantity. He has a pretty wit and is a past master in the art of hospitality, but he never quite recovered the shock he sustained on learning that Mr. Craddock the novelist was a woman. He is the severest of editors, almost a tyrant in the matter of style, and he has a black list of excommunicated phrases, any one of which means death to an article. Yet withal he is a kindly editor as budding *litterateurs* who remember his hints and suggestions can vouch.

It is generally know that Walt Whitman, the "good, gray poet," is very highly esteemed in England whatever may be his rating among his own countrymen. It is not at all astonishing, then, that Sir Edwin Arnold, the poet-editor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, and author of, among other things, The Light of Asia, should, upon his first opportunity, seek Whitman out and personally assure him of that esteem. There was, accordingly, presented last week, the spectacle of Sir Edwin dashing up in a carriage to the poet's humble cottage in Mickle street, Camden, and rushing upstairs to the study of the good, gray poet, and, indeed, into his very arms. The interview that followed was, it is said, of the most cordial character, and most gratifying to the old man. Sir Edwin told him how much English *literati* wished to see him on their side of the ocean, and how many cordial messages they sent him. The visitor spoke of Lord Alfred Tennyson's desire to meet him, and of the laureate's disappointment that the American had been unable to accept his repeated invitations to visit him. How very soothing to poor old Walt Whitman this must have been can well be imagined. One thing that Sir Edwin said to Walt Whitman strikes one as being truly prophetic, and that is the Englishman's assurance that no matter how Americans may look upon the old man's genius now they will, in time, come to give him as to many others who were lightly esteemed until they returned to clay, the high place he merits. Indeed, it must be said, that this change in public opinion seems to be already beginning. It does appear rather strange that, in these days of the broadest literature, two poems, filled with true poetry and inspired by art, should, because of their boldness, prevent publishers from taking hold of Walt Whitman's works. The sincerity of the man is only made more apparent by the fact that he is determined that all his verses or none shall be published, and by his refusal to allow a volume to be issued in which the poems referred to are omitted.

Art and Artists.

The Art Students' League will resume work in their old quarters in the Imperial Bank building, on the seventh of October. As several lady artists had asked to be admitted, at a recent business meeting it was decided to admit them to the privileges of the league. Sketches will have to be submitted, however, and be approved of before candidates will be admitted. The number of drawing nights in the week will be increased to six if business will warrant. From present indications it is evident that during the coming winter many students will endeavor to avail themselves of the excellent chance for art study afforded by the League, and that the membership will be largely increased. The students will probably hold an exhibition of their summer work sometime in October.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster and Mr. and Mrs. Reid are expected back from Europe in a short time, filled with fresh inspiration and enthusiasm drawn from the fountain heads of art.

How They Act.

Some people saunter into a restaurant, some strut, some glide, a few walk, and I have remarked people who seemed to slide in.

The busy man rushes in, takes the first vacant seat, attracts the attention of the waiter, and takes his food with a rapidity which suggests to me a very inelegant word—gobble.

The staid maiden lady, who has decided upon all details on the way down, gives her order with no hesitation, and with evident satisfaction eats her solitary lunch.

The giddy girl taps on the bill of fare, steals a glance at herself in the mirror, decides upon the color of that handsome man's mustache and writes down, coffee. The next item is put down with corresponding delay, and then I observe a vulgar and bold young man. He leans his elbows and arms on the table, and talks to the pretty waiter with a smirk on his face.

Three girls come in together. One gets a pencil and begins, "What'll you have, girls?" "What are you going to have?" is the answer—a duet. "O, I'll have coffee and—" "I won't; I want tea." Down goes coffee and tea. "What else?" "I'll have ham." "Oh, don't; let's have oysters," etc., etc., etc.

That is really the way some people talk about so simple a thing as a lunch.

The other day I sat opposite a very sedate lady. She had oysters; and she carefully severed each one before attempting to dispose of it. I watched the operation in the oyster bowl, and imagined that perhaps Dame Nature had decreed that the lady in question could not follow the approved method of eating oysters. I glanced up, only to discover that her mouth was large enough to take care of at least three. What a number of minutes and what an amount of strength had been utterly wasted through false ideas.

Not long ago two country boys came in. They were not accustomed to the lunch-room. They were a little embarrassed, as they saw no vacant seat. Two men at different tables regarded their evident hesitation with twinkling eyes, and as they blundered on, retraced their steps, then stopped still, the eyes of the two men met, and a sneering smile spoiled their faces. The country boys found seats after a time, and I noticed their facial expressions. They looked thoroughly good. The faces of the men who sneered at their discomfiture were insolent, cruel, and crafty in expression. Their clothes of course were more stylish; but too often men who have not yet worn out their first suit of city clothes, are the first to deride the actions of those not accustomed to city ways; and it is not to their credit.

Surroundings influence; and it is impossible that all people should act, think, or talk alike. It would seem as if the jester forgets that the object of his derision may be a better, a nobler, a truer man than he—the unkind scoffer—is.

ELMINA.

In Kentucky.

Judge Fusser (censuring belligerent lawyer)—I have always been an advocate of the bar myself——

Lawyer Cusser (interrupting)—I admit that your honor is the best judge of a drank of any court in this county.

Autumn Jokelets.

Justice Guffy—What's your trade?

Captive Tramp—City surveyor, your honor.

To escape being fleeced in Paris now one's wife must not be wool-gathering.

These times suit the scissors-grinder. He likes to find things dull.

The stamp window of any postoffice is a sort of Lick observatory.

The hardest time for a man to show his grit is when he is forced to bite the dust.

"This is my buzzy day," said the blue-bottle fly as he lighted on the cherry nose of the toper.

Guzzlerre—Here's looking at you.

Dr'Ranger—Well, here's hoping you can see straighter than I can.

When a man wants to find fault he will do so, even if he has to be up all night looking for it.

A matrimonial tennis club has been organized at McCork. The members are probably anxious to renew their courting days.

Landlady—How do you like your beefsteak? Boarder—Tender. She meant rare or well done.

Little Annette—Mother, do please buy me a new doll; my old one is quite ashamed when I ask its age.

Old Gent—Little boy, I am sorry to see you smoking a cigarette. Little Boy—I ain't smoking it. I'm keeping it alight for another feller what's gone on an errant.

Sponger (lingering for dinner invitation)—Aw, soy, maw good fellaw, haw soon wawl youah mastaw hawve dinnaw afteaw he wetaws?

Butler—Directly hafter you're gone, sir.

Mrs. Boardinghouse (handing him his second cup)—I thought you said you didn't like coffee, Mr. Lacy?

Mr. Lacy—Oh, I don't; but the doctor has recommended to me the hot water cure.

"The empress of Austria sits alternately on either side of her horse," says an article on Horsemanship for Women. Everybody will be glad to hear that she sits that way alternately and not simultaneously.

Last Sunday evening an East Side widow, who was known to the entire congregation to be greatly in want of a husband, was praying with great fervency. "Oh, thou knowest the desire of my heart!" she exclaimed. "A MAN!" responded a brother, with broad accent. "Thy will be done!" exclaimed the widow, amid a snicker from the congregation.

The following is a copy of a bill sent in to a gentleman sometime since by an uptown liveryman's foreman:

acsafada	$1.50
atacaionimomagin	50

The key to the above inscrutable items was simply as follows: "A horse half a day, and a taking of him home again."

A lady who was giving a large dinner once, called on an old negro caterer to arrange the dinner and take the trouble off her hands. "Yes, mam," said the old cuisinier, "I'll look out for it all; but fust I want to know who de company is. Is there any clergymen and them kind a-comin'?" "Certainly," said the lady; "but why do you ask such a question?" "Becase, if they's clergymen and that sort comin', you must get more to eat and drink. Them pious fellars eats tremendous!"

There was a sensation in Newport last week when the news arrived that the Prince of Wales had decided upon wearing three studs on the glistening expanse of his royal shirt bosom instead of two, as has hitherto been the fashion. There was a general scamper in all directions, and until the gentry of the neighborhood were safe behind the extra stud the town looked as though it had been swept by a devastating gale. Within fifteen minutes after the information was received, however, the country was safe, and Stanley Mortimer's smile of confidence was in its wonted place.

One of Denver's leading and wealthiest citizens has just built an elegant residence on Capitol Hill. It is intended as a wedding present to a daughter who is to be married soon. The gentleman also owns two houses adjoining those upon which the house is erected. The younger daughter of the gentleman, upon being spoken to about the fine present her sister would receive, remarked:

"Yes, and we are going to put a sign on the two adjoining lots with these words on it. 'These lots go with the other girl.'"

"What is it that keeps you busy writing so late in your study every night?" asked Mrs. Pollywog of her husband.

"I am writing the history of my life."

"I suppose you mention me in it."

"Oh, yes; I call you the sunshine of my existence."

"Do I really throw so much sunshine into your daily life?"

"I refer to you as the sunshine of my existence because you make it hot for me."

A rise in the thermometer occurred immediately.

The Mother of Charles Stewart Parnell.

Mrs. Delia Stewart Parnell, the mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, is slowly dying in Bordentown, N. J.

"No, I am not dead, but dying," she said to a reporter; "my life is slowly but surely ebbing away, and I realize that my days are numbered.

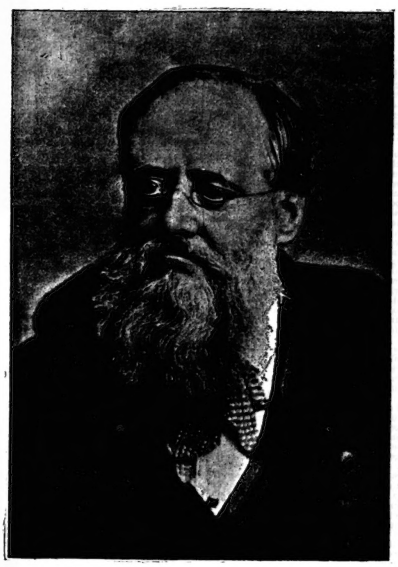
"My life has been one long series of trials and tribulations as far back as I can remember, but during my darkest hours I never thought of dying, for I expected to live to see the Irish people on their native heath, let from under the bondage they suffered from English tyranny and oppression. But I do not believe I will see that happy day, for while the light of my existence is flickering, the hope of Ireland's immediate freedom is lessening day by day.

"I am now in my seventy-fourth year, and as my condition, mentally and physically, forces itself upon my observation, I often wonder how I have passed through so many trying ordeals and lived to such an age. My son has been trampled upon in his views upon the rights of the Irish people, and my heart has bled for every insult he has received."

Mr. Parnell is but waiting for a lull in Irish politics to come to his mother, whose sad condition is known to him.—*Once a Week.*

Wilkie Collins.

The death of Wilkie Collins on Monday last took from the world of letters one of its most distinguished and most popular members. William Wilkie Collins was the son of William Collins, R.A., a painter of some note, and was born in London in 1824. After leaving school he tried a commercial life for some time but finding it not to his taste he drifted into law. Like many other famous writers he soon wearied of the dry and somewhat prosaic study of law and began to try his hand on short stories, which were published in some of the lesser periodicals of London. His first long story had to be rewritten before it could obtain a publisher. This was Antonina, or the Fall of Rome, which appeared in 1850. Since then many works have flown from his prolific pen, nearly all of which have achieved a world-wide fame. Wilkie Collins was a contributor to Household Words, the periodical edited by Charles Dickens, of whom he was an intimate friend. Among his best works are The Woman in White, The Queen of Hearts, No Name, The Moonstone, The Law and the Lady, and The New Magdalen. He wrote several dramas, none of which have lived. For the excellent portrait we publish, taken from one of his recent photographs, we are indebted to the *Theater Magazine.*



Unshipping His Rudder.

A veteran tar, who had served many years in the capacity of boatswain, on getting past exertion, was appointed by his commander, in grateful memory of his former conduct, a kind of sub-gardener at his country seat near Philadelphia. Jack had not long been in possession of his new post when he perceived every morning on walking over the gardens that several of the beds were pawed about and the borders destroyed, indicating by their marks the stealthy visits of some canine wanderer.

Jack immediately communicated the news to the commander, who concurred with him in his opinion as to its cause and advised him to go to the garden a few hours earlier in the morning and give the intruder a warm welcome. Jack accordingly did so. Hiding himself in the shrubbery, he soon espied a long, lean dog, between a pointer and a mastiff, spring upon the garden wall, and jumping into the garden begin running about and exploring, with a degree of activity and keenness, the depth of a strawberry bed.

Jack watched his opportunity and at the moment the dog had burrowed his head out of sight in leaves, the tar stole behind him with a spade and at a blow struck off his tail; the dog sprang over the garden wall again, yelping. Some time after, when the commander came into the garden, Jack accosted him:

"All right, your honor; we were boarded by a dog, sure enough, of a long, sharp, sailing build, rather white about the bows and dark in the midship."

"And what did you do with him, Jack?"

"I prevented his finding his way back here any more."

"You did not kill him, Jack!"

"Oh, no, I laid by upon the lookout there in the shrubbery, and when I seed him dowse his bows in the strawberry bed I dropped softly astern and with this here tool unshipped his rudder—that's all."

The dog never came back to trouble Jack.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

What Broke the Engagement.

Miss Henne—And now, dearest, that it is understood that we are to be—oh! blessed reflection—man and wife, suppose I have dear mamma find a sweet little flat for us where we can all three be, oh! so comfortable, without trenching too far on your income, darling.

Mr. Pekke—Oh, certainly, sweetest. By all means, love. And be sure, dearie, she takes a coach to look for it in. Charge it to me. Ha, ha, ha! He, he! Ho, ho, ho!

Miss Henne—But, precious, what means this strange hilarity? Are you ill?

Mr. Pekke—Oh! don't mind me, my jewel. I'm delirious with joy at the prospect. That's all, my gem. Excuse me, sweet caramel of my soul, till I get a breath of fresh air.

(Exits to a ship for a seven years' whaling voyage.)

Henry Labouchere.

Henry Labouchere, M.P. and editor of *Truth*, has had a romantic and interesting life. Born in London in 1831, he was educated at Eton and Cambridge. Leaving college he set out on his travels and arrived in Mexico, where he fell in love with a lady of the circus. He joined the company, and became a sort of Ouida hero. Growing tired of this life, he went to the United States and found his way to St. Paul, then a cluster of shanties, about which the Chippewas roamed. Becoming fascinated by their wild, roving life he hunted with them for six months. He next brought up in New York, where he thought he would go into the diplomatic service. He became attached to the British Legation at Washington, but at the end of two years he was dismissed for enlisting American citizens for the Crimean war, at the same time with Compton, the British Minister. He next appeared at St. Petersburg, then at Constantinople. Finally he became a journalist and member of Parliament for Southampton.

The Idealist and the Police.

The Russian poet, Count Leo Tolstoi, has almost entirely abandoned the field of literature, and for several years has devoted himself to manual occupations and the preaching of the gospel of temperance, patience and industry. The following characteristic incident lately occurred to him in Moscow. One day as he was driving through the streets he saw a gorodowoj (constable) unmercifully dragging along a peasant for some offence against the city by laws.

The count stopped his carriage, got out and walked up to the constable, saying, "Can you read?"

"Certainly."

"Have you read the scriptures?"

"Yes."

"Then don't forget that we are commanded to love our neighbor as ourself."

The policeman stared at the count in astonishment, and addressed to him a string of questions in his turn: "And you, can you read?"

"Yes."

"Have you read the police regulations?"

"No."

"Well, go and read them first and then preach."

Touched on the Raw.

"Just met with an incident up the street that touched me to the heart," said a man as he leaned up against a newly painted window-frame on Larned street without care for damages.

"What was it?"

"I was standing near a saloon door when a man passed in. I saw him look sharply at me, but he did not speak. A moment after, however, he returned and said there was something about me to remind him of his dead brother. He asked me my name, residence, what I was doing, etc., and seemed to have much interest in me."

"Didn't he ask you to drink?"

"He did. After talking a few minutes he asked me if I wasn't dry. I said I was. We entered the saloon and stepped up to the bar, and he said:"

"Mix me a mint julep, and give this man a glass of good water—the very best you have in the place!"

"Durn my hide, but I was touched! I haven't had anything go to my heart as that did for the last twenty years."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Truly a Sad Ending.

Emeline—Have you heard how Jennie's marriage turned out?

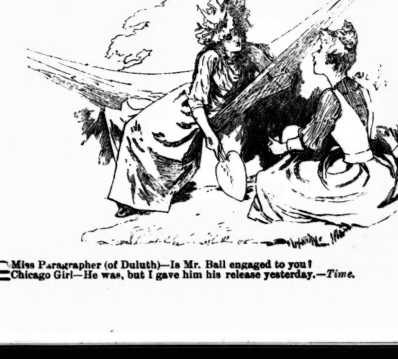
Agnes—No; he was a foreign nobleman, wasn't he?

Emeline—He pretended to be; but he wasn't.

Agnes—And so she was deceived, poor girl!

Emeline—Yes, horribly deceived. He proved to be nothing but a rich American.

Free to Sign Elsewhere.



Miss Paragrapher (of Duluth)—Is Mr. Ball engaged to you?

Chicago Girl—He was, but I gave him his release yesterday.—*Time.*

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER VIII.

When dinner was over, the warmth of the evening tempted Lady Hartop and her lady-guests out on to the lawn. The men did not linger long over their claret and the discussion of the day's sport, but soon joined the graceful figures moving ghost-like over the velvety green turf.

There was no moon; the stars shone high in the heavens; the night was fair and clear, and the air was full of the fragrance of flowers. Presently from within the house came the sound of skilful hands playing on the piano in the drawing-room the first chords of a brilliant yet dreamy waltz, and in a few moments half a dozen couples were circling round on the largest lawn in an impromptu dance.

The music brought out those of the men who yet lingered in the dining-room, and among these was Hugh Cameron, who had been engaged in a political argument with Lord Nugent which he could not, without rudeness, have ended earlier.

"Stanley is dancing with Mr. Melville," said Lola, as she floated by Hugh in the arms of a handsome young soldier, whom, "detrimental" though he was, poor Lola found very charming.

"You were too late," remarked Lady Beacham, coming up to him. "That young enthusiast forestalled you. Poor boy, it cannot be very pleasant to be hopelessly in love as he is! Are you not jealous, Hugh?"

"Horribly," he answered, laughing—"so horribly that I can scarcely conceal the pangs I suffer! Are you wise," he added, changing his tone, "to expose yourself to the night-air? Let me get you a shawl.

"Oh, no—there is no need! I am not cold. Are you not going to ask me to dance?" she asked lightly. "I believe it is against my doctor's orders; but I think I cannot resist just one waltz with you—if you ask me."

"Ought I to ask you?" he said dubiously. "Ought I to encourage you in disobeying the doctor's orders?"

"Oh, is life such a very precious posse sion?" she asked half jestingly, as she put her hand upon his shoulder.

"It should be to you," he replied, placing his arm around her waist.

"To me!" she whispered. "I care so little for it that I should welcome death this moment!"

"Lady Beacham!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, it is quite true!" she declared recklessly. "If you knew how I have suffered! But"—she laughed as she broke off—"I have no right to intrude my sorrows upon your happiness. Let me tell you again, in all frankness, how charming Miss Gerant is."

"My happiness has not made me forget your goodness to me," he said gently. "Is your sorrow one that you can confide to an old friend like myself?"

She laughed again, a strange bitter reckless laugh which jarred upon his ears.

"An old friend!" she echoed, with a catch in her voice. "I cannot tell you my sorrow; but it has been so great, so bitter, that it will, as I have said, make the doom with which the doctors threaten me welcome! Stop now, Hugh; I am tired."

They had reached the farther end of the lawn, which was overshadowed by trees. As the young man paused obediently, he felt that she rested heavily against his arm. He bent over her anxiously.

"You should not have waltzed," he said, remorsefully; "it has tired you. How wrong of me!"

Her head was drooping forward; but as she raised it and looked at him, even in the dim light the intense pall of her face alarmed him.

"I am not very tired," she said, "and you were not wrong to give me a little pleasure. We shall not have many more waltzes together, although Miss Gerant is not likely to resent our attention to an old friend who so sorely needs your kindness."

Her voice altered, while her hand still rested on the young man's shoulder; he could feel that she trembled.

"You are cold!" he said, anxiously. "Let me take you to the house."

"Not yet," she murmured. "Bear with my weakness for a moment. I am not faint—only I have no strength to move."

"It was madness on my part!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "You were not fit to dance!"

"Ah, don't regret those few moments!" she said, turning her beautiful eyes upon him in the gloom. "I was so happy for a moment that I forgot—it was like old times. They were very happy old times," she went on; "but there are happier still in store for you, Hugh. Do you know"—she spoke more naturally now, and she had raised herself from his arm—"I think your beautiful fiance does not like me!"

"I think you are mistaken," he answered. "I know she admires you greatly."

"But she does not like me. Is she not a little cold?"

"Cold! Stanley! Oh, no! She is rather reserved perhaps, but not cold!"

"Not cold!" she repeated. "Then she is very proud!"

"I think she is proud," he answered, smiling. "But pride, as I read once in a proverb chalked up in a foreign picture gallery, is the quality by which great things are achieved."

"She looks capable of great things," replied Lady Beacham, musingly. "She is like a painted lady of olden time who is proud and strong to endure. Tenderness would not suit her lofty style of beauty," she added. "I think nothing could make her bend or stoop or deviate an inch from the path of duty. I fancy she would sacrifice herself and what is dearest to her on earth rather than yield in anything she deemed right. It is a beautiful type of character—it belongs to nobler times than ours. I hope you will not find it difficult to get on with in every-day life."

"I am not afraid," Hugh answered, coldly. "Shall I take you back to the house?"

"Have I vexed you?" she asked, quickly. "Is Miss Gerant so sacred in your eyes that you cannot bear to hear her spoken of by such an old friend as myself? Hugh, don't you understand that nothing can be of greater interest to me now than your happiness?"

The earnest tenderness of her voice softened his momentary irritation; she had put her little hand upon his arm, and he could feel it trembling as it rested there.

"You are very good!" he answered. "My future looks very bright, dear Lady Beacham!"

"Ah," she exclaimed, "but over the brightest skies clouds will come sometimes! If anything should part you——"

He held up his head haughtily.

"Nothing can part us but death," he replied. "Lady Beacham, to so kind a friend as yourself I can speak freely. I love Stanley Gerant with the one love of my life—and she loves me. That being so, we can look forward fearlessly to the life before us, since it is to be spent side by side."

She made no answer, although the quietly spoken words had hurt her far more than the stab of a knife would have done, and involuntarily she put her hand to her side with a gesture of pain. The words had been full of torture for her—[illegible] she had had to submit to in silence. She had known before coming to Combermere that she would suffer at the sight of Hugh Cameron's devotion; but she had not expected to suffer so keenly; and, although both Hugh and Stanley were far too proud and reserved to wear their hearts upon their sleeves, her jealous eyes had been quick to detect the perfect love and faith which existed between them. That first dinner had tried her patience severely. She felt miserable, reckless, bitter, and there was a fierce longing in her heart to make Stanley suffer as she suffered.

"Perfect as she is, if she loves him she will be jealous," had said to herself; and her dance with Hugh, her lingering with him in the semi darkness of this distant and deserted part of the lawn, were all means to an end.

Every moment her own jealousy gain ns increasing, and with it her recklessness. It was the first time her beauty had failed to win for her the adoration and love she longed for; it was the first time too that her heart had been in her desire to please. She loved Hugh Cameron with all the passion of her nature; and she hated Stanley with equal intensity. If she could have killed her, she would have done so gladly and without remorse; but, since she could not kill her, she would destroy her happiness. Stanley's proud serenity was maddening to her—her smiling indifference galled her almost past endurance. The girl's manner to her fiance, calm as it was, seemed like an insult. How dared she look so perfectly happy and serene? How dared she meet Hugh with glances which told of such absolute trust, such profound tenderness, and which pierced the woman who watched them to the heart! A consuming feeling of envy held her in its dreadful grasp, and she did not try to shake it off. Stanley should suffer as deeply as she suffered, she vowed to herself; and, if Hugh Cameron must suffer also, he would be easily consoled when the first pangs were over.

"It is very charming to see such perfect love and faith," she said softly. "It is like a little bit of a novel or an episode of those by-gone days when people were in earnest, as they so rarely are now. It is very pretty and touching; but"—she broke off with a reckless laugh—"it is in a little amusing sometimes to worldly-minded people like myself."

"Is it?" he replied coldly. "May I say how delighted we shall be to think we have contributed to your amusement, Lady Beacham!"

He spoke with evident constraint. He had liked Laura Beacham much at one time—his liking had very nearly become love—and, on seeing her again, he had been touched by her delicate appearance and her half-jesting, half-pathetic allusions to her ill health; but something in her tone when she alluded to Stanley angered him, although he was too free from conceit to think that his engagement could have given a moment's pain to this beautiful woman who had a legion of lovers sighing at her feet and had disdained them all.

"You are angry," she whispered, after a moment's silence; "but you need not be."

She drew nearer to him in the dim light and put her clasped hands upon his arm. She was so near to him that by bending his head he could have touched her face with his lips; her eyes, shining like stars in her pale face, seemed to burn as they rested upon his. Even as his love for Stanley Gerant was, his heart throbbed fast at the touch of Laura Beacham's jewelled fingers.

"Do not be angry with me!" she whispered softly. "Have you not made me suffer enough this evening?" She broke again into a reckless ripple of laughter, then went on, in a low tone of bitter pain—"Do you remember a story of Hans Anderson's in which a little mermaid danced before the prince and his lady, and feels as if she were dancing on the blades of sharp swords, and that every time the prince smiles upon the bride one of the sharp points stabs her? That is how I have felt to-night. Ah," she said wildly, as she took her hands from his arm and pressed them to her own heavily-beating heart, "it is not anger—it is pity you ought to feel!"

She turned from him with a low sob, and the next moment he was gliding away from her swiftly but unsteadily. A sudden impulse seized him to follow her, and he strode over the turf for a few paces; then, remembering Stanley, he paused and stood still. His heart was beating fast, his pulses were throbbing with a strange emotion. It was impossible for him not to understand her meaning and not to be stirred by it. She was so beautiful, she had been called so cold, that her weakness had come upon him with far greater force than the weakness of a more impressionable woman would have done.

He was filled with compassion at the thought of the pain she was suffering. He was dazed and bewildered; and yet the feeling uppermost in his heart was one of intense pity for the woman who had betrayed a secret which most women would have guarded most jealously.

"She is ill and weak, or she would not have betrayed herself," the young man thought compassionately; he forgot the remembrance of what she said in the drawing-room—that her health had failed during the past few weeks—and how she had glanced at him significantly, as if to remind him that he had been engaged to Stanley about that time. Lady Beacham's pallor and delicate appearance were powerful pleaders for her just then, although Hugh Cameron tried to put his doubts and fears aside.

Stanley's voice, a few moments later, made the young man start from his reverie.

"Lady Beacham told me you were here," she said, coming up to him at the close of the impromptu dance. "She has gone to her room. I think she is not very well. Did you have a pleasant waltz, Hugh? I enjoyed it immensely, although oak is preferable to turf."

He smiled, and made some half-inaudible reply; for the sense of confusion was strong upon him still. The dance-music had ceased; Carlos Melville had taken Lady Hartop's place at the piano, and was playing one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder*.

"Must you go to-morrow, Hugh?" the girl asked wistfully. "It is our picnic to Fountains."

Hugh roused himself with an effort, feeling thankful for the darkness; for he could not have met Stanley's eyes just then.

"I must go, darling," he said, as the girl slipped her hand within his arm and they sauntered slowly towards the house. "I am sure my father would not have sent for me unless he really wanted me; he is far too considerate."

"That is because he is so devoted to Lady Sara," rejoined Stanley, brightly. "I hope we live to be a middle-aged couple, Hugh, we shall be as they are."

"Amen!" he answered fondly; then, with a sudden impulse, he added, eagerly: "Nothing in the world can come between us, Stanley! I know that, my darling; but I like to hear you say so. Nothing could make your love from me—nothing could part us!"

"Only death!" she murmured, softly. "It parted my father and mother, Hugh. It alone could part you and me!"

They were near the house now, and the soft dreamy music sounded clear and distinct; the light from the drawing-room windows streamed out upon them, its soft gleams falling upon Stanley's earnest face. She had tied a little lace handkerchief under her chin; her eyes and cheeks were bright with excitement and pleasure; she looked so fair, so serene, so happy that involuntarily he contrasted her with the beautiful passionate woman whose words were still sounding in his ears, whose heart seemed to be throbbing near his own, and he felt as if he were unworthy of this true-hearted girl who seemed so far above him. For a moment he hated himself for the sudden strange thrill of passion which he had felt at Lady Laura's touch; it seemed an infidelity to the girl who was to be his wife.

"You will not fail me," he said unsteadily, as they stood together for a moment outside the window—"you will not fail me, Stanley—unworthy as I am!"

"Unworthy!" she whispered softly. "I should not have loved you had you been unworthy, Hugh!"

"Who could be worthy of you, my b loved!" he returned, with passionate fervor. "If you have a fault, it is your perfection!"

She laughed, looking up at him with tender regard.

"Would you love me better if I were yet more faulty than I am?" she asked oddly.

"I could love you no more," he answered, smiling. "It would be impossible!"

She laughed again, and they entered the drawing-room together. As they stood in all the French window a white-clad figure shrank farther back into the shelter of the long lace curtains, and the next moment glided to the other end of the room.

"That is Lady Beacham," said Stanley carelessly, glancing after her. "I thought she had gone to her room."

Hugh's eyes followed the white figure with a remorseful glance, as he remembered, with a pang of compassion, the pathetic fairy tale to which she had alluded.

"But perhaps," he said to himself, "she did not hear."

CHAPTER IX.

Hugh Cameron left Combermere early the next morning before any of the other guests had appeared, except Stanley, who, in a pretty gray gown and a broad-brimmed gray hat, came down to pour out his coffee. She looked very lovely notwithstanding the unusual expression of gravity in her eyes. Hugh himself looked rather pale and tired, she thought—as if he had not slept well—and he seemed depressed and talked little as she drove him to the station in Lady Hartop's pony carriage.

It was a pleasant drive in the fresh morning air, and the pretty ponies got over the two miles all too quickly for Stanley, who thought how dull the August days would be without Hugh. She had forgotten all about Lady Beacham and her momentary jealousy; she had remembered it on the previous night in the solitude of her room, and had confessed it and repented of it in her prayers. Never again would she doubt Hugh, she had vowed to herself; and a feeling of remorse so deepened the tenderness of her manner towards him that the young man had some difficulty in restraining himself from taking her in his arms and pressing her to his heart.

"You will come back to morrow?" she said, as they stood together on the platform of the station.

"If I can, my darling," he answered fondly. "Of course I don't know how long my father will want me; but I know he will spare me details me unless he is obliged. In any case, Stanley, our visit here was to end on Saturday; and, if I can, I will see you before, we shall meet at Eyn court on that day."

"But this is only Tuesday!" she said, smiling, with a wistful upward glance.

"Give me one of your flowers!" he said, touching a knot of yellow roses that she wore at her throat, as the train came into the station and he took his place. "Give me all of them, Stanley, and then I shall be sure that Melville will not get one!"

She laughed as she obeyed him and disengaged the flowers. He took them gently from her; and, as the train moved away, she saw that he put them to his lips.

The next moment he was gone, and they were parted, to meet again with a terrible gulf between them—which he could not and she would not pass.

Stanley drove back to Combermere with a heavy heart, and her lover settled himself comfortably in the corner of the carriage of which he was the sole occupant. There was a strong feeling of relief mingling with his regret at leaving Stanley. He had slept badly during the night, and in the long, sleepless hours he had had an opportunity of thinking over the strange new element of uneasiness which Lady Beacham seemed to have brought with her to Combermere. Frank and cordial as her congratulations had appeared to be, there had been something in her glance, in the sadness of her smile, in the regretful tone of her voice, which had startled him and made him feel that there was no sincerity in the words which she had spoken so vehemently. This impression had deepened in the few minutes they had spent *tete a tete* in the small drawing-room at Combermere, when there had been signs of tiredness and sorrowful reproachfulness in her manner and words. He had forgotten this, however, in his pleasure at taking Stanley in to dinner, only to remember it again when he met her in the evening, when he had danced with Lady Beacham, and when her manner had been so strange and so significant that it was impossible to misunderstand her. He had been touched by her apparent physical weakness, by the pallor which seemed to heroalize her marvellous beauty, by the pathos in her voice, and it had startled him to think how these things had moved him. It startled him still more to remember the thrill he had felt at the touch of her hands on his arm, and at the broken, passionate words which she had spoken as if they had burst from her in a moment of irrepressible emotion. Not for an instant did he swerve from his perfect allegiance to Stanley; but Hans Anderson's pathetic story haunted him.

"Perhaps I had better not go back," he said to himself, as the train sped over the purple moors and the scent of Stanley's Marechal Niel roses filled the carriage with fragrance. "It is only a few days' separation from Stanley. I can go down to Brancepeth until she returns. And yet——"

It annoyed him to come to such a decision. He felt as if he were a coxcomb; he despised himself for imagining that beautiful proud Lady Beacham had any other feeling for him but friendship; yet in his heart he knew that he had not mistaken her meaning—that he had understood her aright, as she had meant him to understand.

Looking back into the past, he recalled his first meeting with Lady Beacham, and remembered his own intense admiration for her beauty, and now it had haunted him for days after he had seen her, and how anxiously he had looked forward to seeing her again. And, when they had met, she had been scornful and languid until, as they began to know each other better, it had seemed as if the "woman of snow" had thawed a little, as if she had grown gentler. She had welcomed him with one of her faint sweet smiles and a half-veiled glance from her blue eyes, and she had shown him favor enough to make her admirers look at him with resentful glances. There had even been moments when he had felt the power of her beauty so much that he had almost fancied he loved her; and his admiration had there deepened into love if he had not met Stanley Gerant and loved her at first sight with the one love given once in a lifetime only.

If he had been but a little more wary than usual at the thought that it was at least possible that Lady Beacham cared for him, it was perhaps less unnatural. She was a queen in the great world of society, and she had been sought by the most eligible men of the day. Men had hung upon her words and smiles, but he followed her with passionate devotion, had loved her to distraction, without receiving the slightest reward. She had been proud and cold to others; she had not been proud to him. When they had met at one of the few great entertainments at which she had deigned to be present, her wonderful jewels, she had shown him a graciousness which others had envied, but which Hugh himself had not wondered at. He had been accustomed to graciousness from women; for his handsome face and his refined manners pleased some, and his position as Mr. Philip Cameron's only son and heir attracted others. He had not sufficient vanity to think that Lady Beacham had singled him out for especial favor; and now the knowledge, or rather the fear, that she had done so made him anxious, troubled, uneasy.

"I dare say I am a conceited fool," he said to himself, as "the train left the moors and reached the more thickly populated country; "but I will not go back."

Even as he formed his resolution, he felt, with a pang of self-contempt, that it cost him a certain amount of pain and self-denial. With a sudden feeling of remorseful tenderness, he raised Stanley's yellow roses from his knee and once more put them to his lips.

. . . . . .

Mr. Cameron was awaiting his son in the library of the handsome house at Queen's Gate, which once had been one of the pleasantest in London, but which now, owing to Lady Sara Cameron's ill-health, was scarcely occupied, save by the wealthy shipowner himself and his son; and the only entertainments given there were dinner-parties *en garcon* of a very *recherche* kind.

Philip Cameron, the head of the well-known firm of Cameron, Stack and Co., was a hard-faced man between fifty and sixty years old. His features were regular, and from his mother, who had been an Italian, he inherited his velvety dark eyes. His hair and beard were almost white, the latter cut and trimmed *a la* Henri IV., and he was perfectly dressed, without being stiff or in any degree foppish. On the little finger of his left hand he wore a quaint old-fashioned signet-ring.

Not only was he a handsome man, but he had that indescribable air which, for want of a better word, is called interesting. He was clever too—a politician who had made his mark even as the shrewd, far-seeing honorable man of business had increased the high reputation of his firm as well as its great wealth.

His social position was unassailable; and, had not his wife's ill health forced her to lead the life of a recluse, the doors of every great house in London would have been opened to them.

Lady Sara's delicacy was however the only cloud on the the horizon of Philip Cameron's life; for the few who had had the opportunity of witnessing it averred that their domestic happiness was perfect, and that after thirty years of married life they were lovers still.

There was a heavy shadow on Mr. Cameron's brow as he turned from his writing-table and threw himself into an arm-chair which stood near.

The room, which was large and lofty, contained some handsome bronzes and one or two fine marbles, but only one picture, which hung over the mantelpiece. It was the portrait of a beautiful young woman holding a child upon her shoulder. Both figures were replete with life, health and vigor, and the faces bore a strong likeness to each other; but, while in the mother's eyes, smiling though she was, lurked an indefinable look of sadness, the boy's laughing face was full of childish delight at his lofty position.

He sat in his arm-chair, Philip Cameron's eyes rested upon the picture, and there came into them a great yet sorrowful tenderness. The man of the world held nothing so dear to him even now as the woman portrayed there; for her his love was greater even than his deep affection for his son; and yet from her hand he had received the one heavy sorrow his life had known—a sorrow which even now influenced his life in many and important matters.

"She must not know if I can help it!" he said to himself, as he looked up at the radiant lovely face with the haunting sorrow in its lovely eyes. "She must not know!"

Rising from his chair, he began slowly to pace the room—not with the restless uneven step of an excited man or one ill at ease, but calmly, thoughtfully, as if the regular movement aided thought. Once he passed before the writing-table and looked down for a moment at the concluding lines of a letter which he had written half an hour before, and which still lay open upon the blotting-pad.

"It was impossible to do otherwise," he said, half aloud. "There was no alternative. But Hugh—will he accept the reasons I can give him? My boy—my poor boy!"

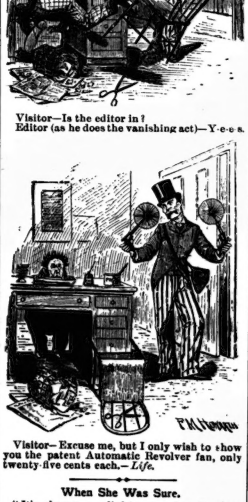
A shadow passed over his face as, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, he turned away and recommenced pacing up and down the room.

(To be Continued.)

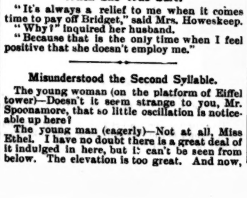
A Precious Relic.

"That's a very funny old cane you have got there. I'd like to buy it from you."

"Can't sell it. It is an old family heirloom. I wouldn't take it for anything in the world. My great-grandfather used to maul my great-grandmother with it."



Visitor—Is the editor in?
Editor (as he dodges the vanishing act)—Y-e-s.



Visitor—Excuse me, but I only wish to show you the patent Automatic Self-acting revolver fan, only twenty-five cents each.—*Life.*

When She Was Sure.

"It's always a relief to me when it comes time to pay off Bridget," said Mrs. Howeskeep.

"Why?" inquired her husband.

"Because that is the only time when I feel positive that she doesn't employ me."

Misunderstood the Second Syllable.

The young woman (on the platform of Eiffel tower)—Doesn't it seem strange to you, Mr. Spoonamore, that so little oscillation is noticeable up here?

The young man (eagerly)—Not at all, Miss Ethel. I have no doubt there is a great deal of it indulged in here, but I can't see it from below. The elevation is too great. And now, Miss Ethel, you will—I am sure you will pardon——

The young woman (arresting his forward movement by a freezing look)—I said oscillation, Mr. Spoonamore, not *osculation*. (After a depressing silence)—I think, Mr. Spoonamore, it is time to descend.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Not The Only One.

"My friend," said one passenger to another in a railroad car, "excuse me, but is that liquor you're drinking?"

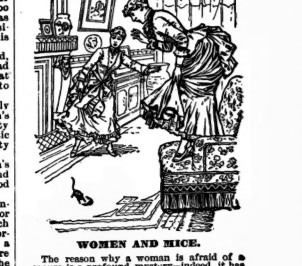
"It is that."

"And how much, may I ask, did you pay for that bottle?"

"Fifty cents."

"Fifty cents! I never spent fifty cents in my life for liquor."

"You ain't the only one, my friend, that sponges for his drinks, but you ain't going to get any of this, you bet!"



WOMEN AND MICE.

The reason why a woman is afraid of a mouse is a profound mystery—indeed, it has never been very clearly proven that she is. But some women are constantly in such a nervous, hysterical condition that the slightest thing annoys and startles them. The cause of this unfortunate state of affairs is usually some functional derangement; some distressing or painful irregularity, some derangement or peculiar weakness incident to her sex; or, it may be due to inflammation, ulceration or displacement of some of the pelvic viscera, or to other organic lesions peculiar to her sex. From whichever cause it may arise, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a *positive remedy*, so certain in its curative results that it is guaranteed to sell it, through druggists, under a *guarantee* of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be *promptly refunded*. As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

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Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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CHAPTER XXVII.

"You had much better give it up, Lucille," said Laurence Doyle. "I really don't think it is at all a safe thing to do—anyboay might see you there, and mention it to Sir Adrian. And after the fright we had the other night, too!"

"Oh, that has blown over completely! He has never alluded to it again; I quite persuaded him that it was entirely an accidental thing your dropping in, and that you came to see aunt Adelaide. I assure you he has never mentioned your name since."

"Hm," murmured Laurie dubiously—"that doesn't prove that he doesn't remember it! By George, when I think of his face as I came in! I never had such a turn in my life—it made me turn quite cold!"

They were walking slowly together along the path park which runs parallel to Park Lane. It was six o'clock, a mild fine winter evening, and it was pitch-dark. Since the catastrophe of the by-gone unlucky evening Lucille had been afraid to allow Laurence Doyle to come openly to the house; and so she had arranged to run out from her aunt's house as soon as Adrian's afternoon visit was over—he usually went away at half-past five—and meet Laurie at the little gate in the park at the end of Green street.

It was the day before the Uxerton races, and Laurie was trying to persuade Lucille to give up her wild and perilous expedition. He might as well have endeavored to move the Marble Arch, upon which his eyes were fixed.

Lucille looked forward to the adventure with all the zest and delight of a child who is plotting an escape from school. The fact that Adrian had forbidden her to see Laurence Doyle only increased her determination to go her own way, and the element of danger did but add fuel to the mirth and the reckless bravado which had completely taken possession of her.

She did not tell Mr. Doyle that her lover had forbidden her to see him; for she said to herself that men were cowards, and that it was of no use telling him everything. Nevertheless he knew enough to be sure that she would get into serious trouble if she were found out; and he told her so very plainly and very emphatically.

"But I shall not be found out!" she cried irritably. "I tell you he starts to-night for Scotland, and he will not be back for a week. He is coming to dine with us at a quarter past seven, and he is to bring his luggage round to Green street; so that I shall actually see him go. You may be sure that I shall pack him off in good time to catch his train—trust me to do that!"

"And then there is Lady Elwyn. What are you going to say to her.

"My dear Laurie, what a coward you are! I shall leave the house at half-past eight, before my aunt is out of bed. I shall tell her to-night that Kathleen has asked me to spend a long day with her, as that new companion of hers is going away, and I shall go out directly I have had my breakfast in my room. She will never know at what time I started; and I shall be back by dinner-time—you have promised me that."

"Oh, yes—I think we can manage that easily; but it seems a dreadful risk!"

"One would think that you did not want to have me with you!" she pouted, pretending to draw away her hand from under his arm.

"My dearest," he cried, holding it fast, "you know it is not that; you know that I shall be delighted to take you, and to be alone with you for so long—it will be a happy day for me!"—and he sighed. "But then I am afraid trouble may come of it after wards for you. Lucille," he added very seriously, "suppose by any chance Deverell should find it out, and suppose it should make a quarrel be'ween you, and suppose your engagement came to an end—would you marry me then?"

"Suppose, and suppose, and suppose!" she echoed, mockingly. "My dear Laurie, I was always a bad hand at guessing conundrums, so don't ask unanswerable questions! And now I must run home; and at half-past eight to-morrow morning, wet or fine, I shall be here by this gate to meet you. I have quite set my heart upon going, so it's of no use your saying any more about it. Good-bye!

Under cover of the darkness he seized her suddenly in his arms and covered the beautiful false face with passionate kisses—kisses such as no man on earth had the right to press upon the lips of the future Lady Deverell. But Lucille was neither angered nor insulted; she knew it was the one necessary penalty she was bound to pay for the enjoyment of her forbidden fruit. She liked him too in a way—and of the two men she preferred that Laurie should kiss her rather than Adrian.

When she reached home, cautiously opening the door with her latch-key so that her aunt should not hear her, she stole up-stairs to her bed-room, and opening her wardrobe, feasted her eyes on the pretty dark-gray dress and jacket trimmed with silver fox fur which she meant to wear on the morrow, and took out the dainty gray felt hat to match, and tried it on her shining head before the glass. It suited her to perfection; and in the rapture of the prospect of wearing this new finery her conscience forgot to trouble her about the disgraceful action which she contemplated, nor did she even feel nervous about its dangers.

Then her maid came in; and she made haste to dress in a simple black evening-gown, and hurried down-stairs, to find Adrian and her aunt awaiting her for dinner.

Sir Adrian's luggage stood in the hall, and the mere sight of his portmanteau and hat box made Lucille feel quite gay and happy at the prospect of his departure. Long before there was the least occasion for it, she meant to tell the butler to have a cab summoned and the luggage placed upon it. She had said to Laurie that she was not going to let him miss his train.

Dinner was over at last. Deverell had swallowed his coffee and stood up before the dining-room fire whilst the butler brought in his heavy fur-lined traveling coat. Adrian consulted his watch.

"I have heaps of time,' he remarked.

"Our clocks here are rather slow," said Lucille.

"No—not by my watch. However, since the cab is here——"

"Yes; it would be a pity if you missed your train," said Lucille, who was nervously anxious to see him depart.

Lady Elwyn unconsciously played into her niece's hands by observing that, for her part, she always preferred to have plenty of time at the station when she was going on a journey.

"Very well; I may as well start," Sir Adrian said, while the butler was helping him with his coat. He set light to his cigar with Lady Elwyn's permission, shook hands with her, and kissed Lucille lightly on the forehead.

In another minute he was off, and the sound of the cab wheels rolled away quickly down the street. Lucille seemed to breathe more freely; and then she and her aunt went up stairs.

"I cannot think why you want to spend the day with that hateful girl," said her aunt to her, when she had unfolded her little plan for the morrow to her, as they sat together before the fire. "I always thought you did not like her."

"I don't like her much. But then I have been thinking that it is as well to keep in with her. She is very rich, and she will probably make a good marriage; it might be convenient to me to know her by and by, and very inconvenient to be on bad terms with her. On the whole, I think I will go. She has written me a nice letter asking me to go for the whole day to-morrow, as her companion will be away. It happens to suit me; because, as Adrian will be absent, I shall have no ties at home."

"That is true! May I see her letter?"

"Unfortunately I have torn it up. There was nothing else in it. I think I may as well gratify her, and go directly after breakfast. You will not be up, aunt Adelaide, so that I will not disturb you in the morning. I shall be back in good time for dinner.

"Very well; perhaps you are right to go. Of course I can never set eyes on her again; it would make me ill to see her after all the trouble she has brought upon me." For by this time Lady Elwyn had almost persuaded herself to believe that Kathleen had killed her father. "But your case is different. My dear, go if you like; and I will call upon and lunch with my old friends in Grosvenor place, so that I shall not miss you." And presently the ladies parted for the night.

Clever as Miss Maitland was, she had on this occasion been a little too clever—she had overreached her mark. She had said to Laurie that she would see that Sir Adrian went off sufficiently early to catch his train, and she had dispatched him in such good time that, when he looked at his watch as the cab was turning into Oxford street, he found that he had over forty-five minutes in which to get to Euston station. He determined to drive to his club and call for his letters.

The cab horse was a good one. In seven minutes Sir Adrian reached Pall Mall. He ran up the steps of his club and the porter handed him the letters.

He tore it open hastily and read:

"The Lady Superior of the Nurses' Institute, Bloomsbury Square, presents her compliments to Sir Adrian Deverell, and writes to inform him that Mrs. Hyam returned last night to town, and is staying for two days only at No. 15 Tiverton street. She will be leaving London for a situation in Devonshire early on Friday morning."

Sir Adrian stood hesitating for a moment with the letter in his hand; then he turned to the porter and said—

"Go and take my luggage out of that cab and pay the cabman;" and to himself he remarked, "Scotland can wait. I shall put off going until Friday. The chance of getting hold of Mrs. Hyam is too good a one to be thrown away."

He sent off a telegram to Edinburgh, wrote a note to Tiverton street making an appointment to call on the nurse at eleven o'clock the next morning, and spent the remainder of the evening quietly at his club.

On the following morning, punctual to the minute, he presented himself at the house in Tiverton street, and was shown into a small humbly-furnished parlor by a respectable old woman in a black net cap and a rusty black stuff dress.

"My daughter in-law will see you directly, sir. Will you please take a seat?"

"Is Mrs. Hyam your daughter-in-law, madam? Then your name is Hyam too?"

"No, sir. My name is Cole; my son has just married—"

"Oh, I see! Mrs. Hyam is now Mrs. Cole!" said Adrian, smiling; and then the door opened and Mrs. Cole the younger entered, whilst Mrs. Cole the elder disappeared.

"Well, I'm sure, Sir Adrian, this is a great honor to me! I am proud to see you, sir!"

"I must congratulate you, Mrs. Cole!" replied Adrian, with emphasis on the surname. Mrs. Cole—late Hyam—simpered and looked down modestly; and, these little preliminaries being despatched, Adrian proceeded to business.

"I have come to see you, Mrs. Cole, because I want you to relate to me exactly what happened on the evening of Lord Elwyn's death."

The woman looked startled; all her airs and graces vanished, and she was at once on her guard.

"I did my duty by Lord Elwyn, sir," she said stiffly.

"Every one knows that, Mrs. Cole; no one has ever doubted it. But will you, as a favor to me, try to recall every trifling incident that occurred previous to the unexpectedly sudden termination of Lord Elwyn' life?"

Mrs. Cole turned red and white; she looked at her questioner with evident apprehension, and seemed uncertain as to what she should say.

"My memory is not very good, sir," she began hesitatingly.

"Let me try to refresh it," said Adrian; and, as he spoke, he drew out his pocket-book, and began fingering ostentatiously two crisp five-pound notes.

Mrs. Cole's countenance began to beam once more as her eyes fell upon them.

"Oh, sir, to a gentleman like you, as knows how to be the gentleman, of course I would not mind what I said, more especially as I feel sure you would not go and take the bread out of a poor woman's mouth by making use of anything against her!"

"Nothing that you can say shall be used against you, Mrs. Cole. For my own private satisfaction only I desire to find out the truth as to that evening's calamity."

Mrs. Cole sat down and crossed her hands in her lap, then asked quietly—

"What is it you wish to know, sir?"

"I want to know first whether you left Lord Elwyn at all alone during the last hour of his life?"

"I did not leave him alone, sir—I should not have thought of doing such a thing—and I am sure that I have regretted it since most bitterly that I did run down-stairs for a minute just to have a glass of wine, as I was very tired that afternoon and quite faint like. I am sure, if I'd have known, I'd never have left the room for one minute."

"You did leave him then?" said Adrian quickly. "For how long. Mrs Cole? Surely for longer than one minute?"

"Well, sir, if you promise never to breathe a word of it at the Institute—for I am sure it shall never occur again, sir, and it would go dreadfully against me there if it were to be known——"

"You may rely on me, Mrs. Cole;" and again Sir Adrian rustled the bank-notes between his fingers.

"Then, sir, I will make a clean breast of it! I did linger a bit down-stairs. I got talking, you see, and didn't notice the time. It's very dull for a nurse, you know, sir, sitting always in a sick-room, and just a little change of scene and company cheers one up and helps to send one back fresher. Well, I stayed talking in the pantry, sir—if the truth must be known, it might have been ten minutes, and I won't exactly swear that it might not have been twenty."

Adrian took out his pocket-book and wrote down the nurse's statement.

"Yes; and, while you spent those ten or twenty minutes down-stairs, Mrs. Cole, what went on up-stairs in the sick-room? You say you did not leave Lord Elwyn alone. Who was there?"

"Well, sir, I will tell you the exact truth. As I was a-tidying up things in the dressing room, there came in a most lovely young lady—not his lordship's daughter as had been sitting with him some time previously, but another lady, taller and more beautiful, whom I had never seen before; and she inquired how her 'dear uncle' was, and seemed very unhappy. She asked me if she might be allowed to do something to help—and her pretty eyes were filled with tears, and I hadn't the heart to refuse; and so I told her she might just creep in and sit by the bedside behind the curtains quite quiet whilst I ran down-stairs for a minute. His lordship was enjoying a nice little doze that should have freshened him up wonderful; so I told her to touch the bell if he woke, and not to speak. I just waited a minute to listen if all was quiet after she had gone into the room, and then I ran down-stairs; and the very next thing I heard was all them screams and shrieks upstairs; and, when I came rushing in, his lordship lay in his death-agony on the floor, and the lawyer-gentleman was kneeling by his side and the pretty young lady, screaming the house down, rushing along the passages towards the staircase.

"There was a moment's silence; then Adrian said very gravely—

"You know that young lady's name, Mrs. Cole?"

"Yes, sir; I was told afterwards. It was Miss Maitland, her ladyship's own niece; and I was told too that she had no love for Miss Elwyn, and would have liked to persuade her uncle to change his will before he died."

"Mrs. Cole, tell me what you really think happened—was Miss Maitland to blame?"

"Yes, sir, decidedly, because I warned her most particularly not to agitate the patient, and told her that it would be most dangerous if he got excited; and she certainly must have wakened him up and said something to agitate and excite him. Why, the very fact of her calling the lawyer shows that! Why did she call the lawyer? If I'd been there, I'd never have let that lawyer into the room, sir—not till his lordship had had a night's rest, at any rate. Oh, I take blame to myself, sir, I assure you! I know I ought never to have left the poor gentleman. But there—the best of us is but human, Sir Adrian—and it's been a lesson to me, anyhow!"

"What you tell me is very serious, Mrs. Cole," said Adrian, after a pause. "I have written it all down, but not for any other purpose save my own satisfaction. I do not mind informing you that what you tell me only corroborates my own very strong suspicions. But of course your story will not be made use of against you—in fact, it could not be so used, as there is no one else to testify to its truth."

"Well, I'm not so sure of that, Sir Adrian. There's my husband as could swear to my going down-stairs and to the length of time I stayed out of the room. Ah, here he is, sir! You remember John, I dare say, as was upper-footman at the Castle?"

And, to Sir Adrian's intense surprise, the late upper-footman at Clortell Towers entered the room and announced himself to be none other than John Cole.

"Yes, sir," said his wife, in explanation, "me and John settled it together at that time. I had met him once before two years ago, so we were old friends; and it were that very evening as I stole down into the pantry to see him that John give me a glass of sherry and asked me to marry him."

"And it took twenty minutes to do it?" remarked Sir Adrian, with a smile.

By this time the rustling bank-notes had been transferred from Adrian's pocket-book to Mrs. Cole's fat comfortable hands; and so, as the object of his visit had been accomplished, he wished the worthy couple all good fortune and happiness and bade them adieu.

When he was outside in the street again, he raised his hat for a moment from his head and drew a long breath of relief.

"Now for Lucille," he said to himself. "With this evidence I must force her to confess all and to vindicate Kathleen's honor. She must do so in writing freely and completely, or I shall refuse to marry her. But she will do it. My name and fortune are too highly prized by her—she will not sacrifice them. What I will do then shall be this. I will marry her, and she shall have her settlement and her share of my fortune; but we shall separate afterwards. I will have a deed of separation drawn up which we shall both sign immediately after our marriage. I will be her husband in name only. Those are the terms I will lay before her. I shall be as far from Kathleen ever—but at least I will not be forced to live with a woman whose character I loathe and detest, and for whom I have not one spark of love or of affection or esteem!"

He determined to wait until the hour of his usual afternoon visit to Green street. He had letters to write and some business matters to transact, and it was not till six o'clock in the evening that he entered Lady Elwyn's drawing-room.

He found that lady alone.

"Why, Adrian," she cried, in astonishment, as he entered, "you have not gone to Scotland then!"

"No. I was stopped at the last moment by some important business. I shall go to-morrow night instead. Where is Lucille? I want to see her."

"She has not come home. She went to spend the day with Kathleen Elwyn. Very kind of her, wasn't it?"

"With Kathleen Elwyn!" repeated Adrian, in amazement. "How very strange!" He glanced at the clock.

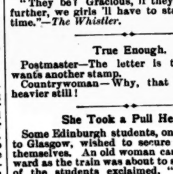
"She will be in directly; she is coming back for dinner. Will you wait, Adrian?"

"Yes, if you please. I want to speak to her particularly. Don't let me disturb you, Lady Elwyn, if you want to read your book."

He took up a newspaper, and Lady Elwyn went back to her novel. They waited like this for the best part of an hour, and still Lucille did not return.

(To be Continued.)

Satiated.



Mr. Wm. G.—Sty, Nana, will you take luncheon with me? I know where there's a nice lot of fresh tomato cans.

Miss Nana G.—Thank you, Billy; but I've just eaten half of Mrs. Mooney's wash, and I couldn't hold another mouthful.—*Puck.*

Bustles Going Out.

Miss Kuntrified (to dry goods clerk)—Have you got any bustles?

Clerk—A few. Bustles are going out, you know.

"They be? Gracious, if they go out much further, we girls 'll have to stand up all the time."—*The Whistler.*

True Enough.

Postmaster—The letter is too heavy; it wants another stamp.

Countrywoman—Why, that will make it heavier still!

She Took a Pull Herself.

Some Edinburgh students, on a football tour to Glasgow, wished to secure a carriage for themselves. An old woman came rushing forward as the train was about to start, when one of the students exclaimed, "Smoking compartment, mistress."

The old woman being anxious to get in, exclaimed, "Never mind!"

After the train started the students chuckled one to another, closed the windows and ventilators, and all began to smoke. After they had been full half an hour on their journey—the carriage being full of smoke—one of them felt sick, and took his pipe out of his mouth.

Old woman—If ye're done, sir, wad ye gie's a bit draw, as I forgot my pipe in the bustle to catch the train?

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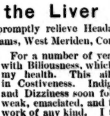

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Stimulate the Liver

and quicken the appetite. Ayer's Pills promptly relieve Headache, and are the best cathartic I know of.—George O. Williams, West Meriden, Conn.

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Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Two.)

daughter of James McMullen, M.P., of North Wellington, to Mr. Walter T. Dickey, son of Mr. N. Dickey of Kansas City, formerly an alderman of Toronto, took place Wednesday, September 18, at Knox Church, Mount Forest, in the presence of a large assemblage. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. McMullen of Woodstock and Rev. R. N. Grant of Orillia, uncles of the bride, assisted by Rev. D. Birkie of Mount Forest. The groomsmen were Mr. W. McMullen and Mr. J. Logan. The bride looked charming in white silk faille, brocaded front, court train, veil and orange blossoms; her only ornaments were diamond earrings, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids, Miss Louise McMullen of Woodstock, cousin of the bride, and Miss Nanno Hughes of Toronto, wore Empire gowns of cream Henrietta cloth, veils, and gold necklaces, also the gift of the groom. The train-bearers were little Miss Ethel Anderson of Arthur, who was attired in a quaint gown of yellow silk, and carried a basket of chrysanthemums, and Master Rossin Jamieson, who wore a Fauntleroy suit. The ushers were Mr. W. G. McMullen of Woodstock and Mr. Ah. McMullen. The presents to the bride were remarkably numerous and exquisitely handsome. After the marriage the invited guests repaired to Maitland Hall, the residence of the bride's father, and partook of a sumptuous lunch, at the close of which sparkling speeches were made, and telegrams of congratulation were read from Hon. W. and Madame Laurier; Hon. Edward and Mrs. Blake; Mr. and Mrs. Dickey, Kansas City; H. Malcolmson, Chatham; P. Hughes, Toronto, and others. The happy couple left on the four o'clock train on their wedding trip east.

SIMCOE.

The first party of the season was given by Mrs. Sharp on Friday evening and was a very delightful affair. Mrs. McCowan of Stratford, Mrs. Sharpe of Toledo, Ohio, Miss Backus of Port Rowan, Mr. Puxley of London and Mr. Crawford of Aylmer were present. Mrs. Walter McCall, Mrs. J. C. Boyd, Miss Tisdale, Miss Gormley, Miss Bowlby, Messrs. Campbell, Curtis, Wallace, McKenzie, Langmuir and Morrison were a few of the Simcoe guests.

Mrs. J. C. Boyd, Miss Tisdale and Miss Wilson left Saturday for a few weeks' trip to the States.

Miss Annie Bowlby and Miss Lyon have returned from Toronto.

Mrs. W. A. McCall has had a charming visit in Montreal.

Miss Coles left Friday for a visit of some months in Chicago. TIPTOE.

Later Music.

The concert season was opened on Tuesday evening by Signor E. Rubini's concert at the Pavilion with a fair attendance. Those taking part in the performance had evidently influenced their friends to attend, as almost every number was most rapturously encored. Mlle. Adele Strauss and Mr. H. M. Field were the principal professional artists taking part and have never more delighted their hearers than they did on this occasion. A noteworthy feature of the programme was the presence thereon of a number of compositions by Signor Rubini himself for voice, violin, cello and piano, which evinced most scholarly musicianship, as well as melodious inspiration. In the performance of these numbers, effective assistance was rendered by Miss Maud Harris, Herr Ernest Mahr, and Signor Napolitano. Hamilton contributed two young pupils of Signor Rubini, Messrs. Macpherson and Morley.

METRONOME.

Art in Dress.

The newest and nobbiest sack is the double-breasted, with the fronts boldly cut away from the lower button. Taylor & Co., art tailors, 39 Yonge street.

A Troublesome Problem.

"Confound it!"

"What's the matter, Bromley?"

"Why, whenever I reach in my vest pocket for a match it happens to be a toothpick, and when I fumble for a toothpick it's a match."

The Age of Progress.

At the Coroner's.

Helter—This is certainly a progressive age.

Skelter—How so?

Helter—It used to be that death sent his summons by messenger; now he sends it by wire.

Tender Feet.

At the Whippersnapper Club. Flobson—What ails Dobson? I see he's going about on crutches

Snobson—Crippled for life, poor dayvil. Stepped on a cussed peanut shell lawst week and bruised the whole end of his little toe.

Flobson—Good God! It's a wonder they didn't saw his cussed leg awf, bay jawve.—*N. Y. Truth.*

At the Races.

Spyekins—Why, Fylk, what's up? You look as if you had backed a short horse.

Fylkins—Well, I didn't. I backed a long one—too long in getting to the pole.—*N. Y. Truth.*

Somewhat Sarcastic

A lady entered a crowded street car, but nobody offered her a seat except a laboring man in a corner. With a graceful inclination of her head she declined the seat, saying:

"No, I thank you; I do not wish to deprive the only gentleman in the car of his seat."

It's Old Enough.

Dashaway (at the table sarcastically)—I think that Brown-Sequard's elixir might be applied with great effect to this chicken.

Mrs. Slimdiet (the landlady)—Yes, it might be applied to your account, it's old enough.

Two of a Kind.

The brother who testified to the effect that he had doubted the existence of a hell till convinced of its reality by a blessed experience was matched by one other who prayed, "O Lord, make this room so hot that the devil can't stay here!"

Forcing Acquaintance.

Parkinson—Will you pardon me if I introduce myself? Your brother and I are members of the same company in the seventh.

Miss Gartner—It is Mr. Parkinson, isn't it? I've heard Tom speak of you a great deal lately.

Parkinson—Delighted, I assure you.

Miss Gartner—Yes; he said you could play poker in the dark, and win every time.

Hadn't Read Juliet, But Thought Romeo Glorious.

Would-be Poet—And, my dear doctor, I have taken such delight in all the great poems that I am sure that poetry is my vocation.

Eminent Litterateur—And—ah—my dear young lady—you—ah—have read Romeo—ah—and Juliet?

Would-be Poet—Well, I haven't read Juliet, but I think Romeo is glorious.

It Can't Be Done Now.

For a year or more after we struck this town we could be kicked and cuffed with perfect impunity, even by a low-down Indian. We were knocked down, booted up and down the street, and had our nose pulled out of shape two or three times per week, and we never thought of resisting. We were a tenderfoot of the tenderfootedest sort, and it was a question whether we should pull through or not.

Let someone attempt to tweak our nose now! The offer of a hundred dollars in cash wouldn't tempt a man in town to try it on. We are no longer a tenderfoot. The man who sets out to lift us now has got to beat chain lightning. Every chap who has piled into us for the last ten months has had to be carried off on a shutter, and two of them, as the town record shows, sleep peacefully among the daisies.

Why He Couldn't Accept the Position.

Farmer's Son—Did you hire the man, father?

Farmer—I wanted to, but he wouldn't accept the place.

F. S.—What did you offer him?

F.—I offered him $60 a month and to find himself.

F. S.—And he thought $60 too little?

F.—No; he was satisfied with the wages, but he said he couldn't find himself.

F. S.—Why not?

F.—Because he is an ex-detective from Chicago. He said he never could find anything.—*Boston Courier.*

Laughing Too Soon.

"What's the matter?" the schoolmistress asked.

"Back's sore, ma'am."

"What made it sore?"

"Pop pounded his thumb with a hatchet this morning and I laughed."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A Woman's Way.

"Williams," said the editor of the Big Creek *Ripsnorter* to his foreman, "I shall be away from the office for the next two weeks. In a day or two I shall pass through Chicago, and if there is anything you need for the mechanical department——"

"Who is to edit the paper while you are absent?" inquired Williams.

"My wife will attend to that."

"We shall need," said the experienced foreman, "about forty pounds of italics."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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And other New Musical Numbers.

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my business to Yonge Street as is the impression with a large circle of my friends, but am to be found at the old stand, No. 1 ROSSIN HOUSE BLOCK, where I shall be pleased to see any of my old customers.

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There has been great indignation against us in this city because, in the pursuit of our regular work, we have been selling school books less than the regulation prices. The Minister of Education has been appealed to to stop it, and the publishers have been threatened if they sold us further. We regret not meeting the approval of our competitors; but what can we do? Our work is to supply this community with goods at a closer price than they have bought before. The poor have large families; the rich small ones. When the reverse is true we may listen to the proposition to make school books and school supplies the exception in our work, but not until then. Our large store is full of valuable goods from the best known workshops of the world. There is but one profit between the user and the manufacturer, and that the very closest. No care or skill or persistence has been wanting to get the lowest possible price at which they could be bought, and our customers are always the gainers. Cash and one price are always our terms, and everything we sell is guaranteed as represented. Come and see us if only to look us over.

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"No," answered the little one, frankly; "sister Lena does it up in papers for me every night."

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"No, she takes them off every night and lays them on the bureau and curls them the next morning."

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Births.

JUKES—At Brandon, Man., on September 23, Mrs. Andrew Jukes—a daughter.

McMAHON—At Alliston, on September 22, Mrs. Isaiah McMahon—a son.

SPROAT—In Township of Equesing, on September 18, Mrs. John Sproat—a daughter.

WEDD—At Berlin, on September 21, Mrs G. M. Wedd—a son.

HUDSON—At Toronto, on September 10, Mrs. Joseph Hudson—a daughter.

NISBET—At Sarnia, on September 16, Mrs. T. W. Nisbet—a daughter.

PLUMMER—At Toronto, on September 19, Mrs. A. E. Plummer—a son.

ANDERSON—At Toronto, September 20, Mrs. George Anderson—a son.

NAEN—At Goderich, on September 20, Mrs. Charles A. Naen—a daughter.

MACPHERSON—At Islington, on September 22, Mrs. John A. L. Macpherson—a son.

ELLIS—At Toronto, on September 18, Mrs. R. B. Ellis—a son.

HOLLAND—At Oshawa, on September 20, Mrs. W. H. Holland—a son.

HANSON—At Toronto, on September 12, Mrs. T. Hanson—a son.

IRWIN—At Clover Hill, on September 20, Mrs. Harry Irwin—a son.

TYTLER—At Toronto, on September 24, Mrs. J. Tytler—a son.

Marriages.

CLARKE—LOUDON—At Queen street Methodist Church, on September 25, by Rev. Manley Benson, Herbert L. Clarke of Boston, Mass., to Lizzie, youngest daughter of the late Eric and Loudon of Toronto.

CAMPBELL—MACKLIN—At Toronto, September 17, Edwin T. Campbell to Edith Macklin.

DICKEY—McMULLEN—At Mount Forest, September 18, Walter S. Dickey of Kansas City to Kate L. McMullen.

ANDERSON—KERR—At Toronto, September 19, Frederick Charles Anderson of Ottawa to Minerva C. E. Kerr.

REID—SPENCE—At Toronto, September 19, John B. Reid, M.D., of Tiverton, to May F. Spence.

HAMILTON—WOODS—At London, Major J. R. Hamilton, M.D., to Elizabeth George Wood.

BRISTOL—ARMOUR—At Cobourg, September 21, Edmund Bristol, barrister-at-law, to Mary Dorothy Armour.

ARMSTRONG—HODSON—At Toronto, September 20, W. J. Armstrong, M.D., of Fullerton, Ont., to Susie Pillar Hobson.

POPPLEWELL—BROWN—At Toronto, M. S. Popplewell to Mary Brown.

PIERCE—BREAULT—At Toronto, September 19, Geo. Morton Pierce to Victoire Breault of Peterborough.

STONE—FINDLAY—At Toronto, Charles Edgar Stone to Elizabeth Findlay.

OGDEN—JONES—At Gananoque, September 19, Francis Ludlow Ogden of New York to Gertrude Jones.

STEVELY—TACKABURY—At Consecon, N.Y., September 19, Samuel Stevely of London, Ont., to Maud Sophia Tackaberry.

JEMMETT—MILL—At Napanee, on September 14, Francis S. B. Jemmett of Gananoque, to Rebecca G. Mill.

HOOD—WATSON—At Toronto, on September 18, Frederick C. Hood, M.D., of Lindsay, to Clara S. Watson.

HARRISON—WILSON—At Ridgeway, on September 17, Franklin T. Harrison of Toronto, to Emma Myrtilene Wilson.

KURTZ—WILSON—At Toronto, on September 17, Dr. A. Kurtz of Neenah, Wis., to Maggie M. Wilson.

THOMPSON—MAY—At Chicago, on September 18, Alfred Burke Thompson of Penetanguishene, to Kate Worthington May of London.

TIDSWELL—YOUNG—At Hamilton, on September 19, William O. Tidswell to Kate Ethel Young.

WARWICK—GIFFORD—At Toronto, on September 18, John Warwick to Catharine Gifford.

WILLARD—PEARDON—At Toronto, on September 18, James C. Willard of Galt, to Lena Peardon.

Deaths.

KEEBLE—Accidentally killed on September 19, Henry Keeble of the Commercial Hotel, Toronto, aged 66 years.

MURRAY—At Toronto, on September 19, Mrs. W. A. Murray.

NORMAN—At Toronto, on September 19, Johnnie, infant son of J. W. and Dollie Norman.

MACFARLANE—At Toronto, on September 25, Robert Macfarlane, aged 22 years.

COUTCH—At Uxbridge, on September 24, Fanny Ganton Coutch of Toronto.

OGLE—At Toronto, on September 23, Mary Ellen Ogle.

McLAUCHLAN—At Hamilton, on September 23, Emily McLauchlan, aged 69 years.

CROSS—At St. Catharines, on September 20, Luther Cross, M.D., aged 85 years.

HOYLE—At Cannington, on September 22, Fanny Hoyle, aged 40 years.

O'BRIEN—In West York Township, on September 23, Matthew O'Brien, aged 84 years.

BUDDEN—At Toronto, on September 22, George Budden, aged 70 years.

AYLMER—At Melbourne, P.Q., on September 20, Annie Elizabeth Aylmer.

NISBET—At Sarnia, on September 19, Ruth, infant daughter of T. W. Nisbet.

DEAN—At Toronto, on September 20, James Dean.

BENTLEY—At Newmarket, on September 19, W. H. Bentley, M.S.

CURTIS—At Denver, Col., on September 11, S. W. Curtis of Bronte.

McHENRY—At Harriston, on September 20, Laura, infant daughter of Dr. S. M. Henry, aged 1 year.

BYRNE—At Toronto, on September 18, Eddy, youngest son of W. Ralph Byrne, aged 3 years.

REED—At Regina, on September 23, Georgina Adelaide Reed.

MITCHELL—At Toronto, September 19, John Ewart Mitchell.

EYRE—At Sudbury, September 19, Frederick Eyre, aged 27 years.

EYRE—At Sudbury, September 17, Emma Louise Eyre, aged 4 years.

JONES—At Toronto, September 22, Eugenie Beatrice, only child of George and Mamie Jones.

SAXON—At Fort Erie, September 20, James Frederick Saxon, aged 68 years.

THOMSON—At Toronto, on September 20, Thomas McLeris Thomson, aged 70 years.

WENMAN—At Toronto, September 22, Jasper Wenman, aged 75 years.

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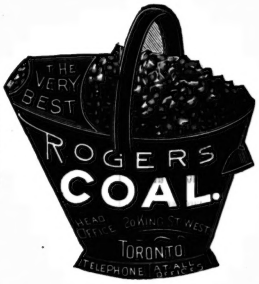

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